

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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### Agricultural.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY.

A Bad Week for Fairs—What was Done at Armada, Macomb County.

The past week will be long remembered by those who had the management of the various county and town fairs, which were advertised to be held during the week. In many instances the weather affected the fairs disastrously, and it will require a year to put some of the organizations in as good shape as before they attempted to hold their fairs. The money has all been expended in making preparations for the fair, and the expenses in many instances were greater than usual, owing to the favorable prospects for a fine exhibition and a large attendance of visitors. These remarks will apply to fairs at Lansing, Hillsdale, Ann Arbor, Ionia, Pontiac, Saginaw and other places. In some instances, the directors decided to hold over Saturday, so as to make up in part the losses the associations had sustained from the rains of Wednesday and Thursday. Others, however, decided to postpone for a week, while the Ionia Society postponed their fair a year. In every instance the associations were heavy losers from the rains keeping away visitors, while, as a rule, the exhibitions were far ahead of those of previous years. It was an unfortunate ending of months of hard work in the part of many of the managers, who deserved better luck.

In this connection we would like to make some suggestions for the consideration of the directors of the various associations: Are there not too many fairs in many of the counties of the State? Would not the union of two, or even three weak associations into one strong one be a great advantage to all concerned? A rainy week may come at any time, and a failure means bankruptcy to many societies. To be strong and successful a society should have a reserve fund, and as now divided up few will ever be able to have one of any amount. The expense of conducting a large fair would be little more than that of conducting a small one, while its income would be far greater. The exhibitions would be of course much finer, as the character of a strong, prosperous association would draw exhibitors from a distance. In the case of rival towns, from whose jealousies many of these small fairs are started, exhibitions could be held alternately, and in that case the citizens of the towns would make fine exhibitors and attend more generally if the fair were held every other year instead of each year as now. We commend these suggestions, made in the interests of larger, better, stronger and more prosperous fairs, to the consideration of managers and directors during the coming winter.

#### THE ARMADA FAIR.

The twelfth annual fair of the Armada Agricultural Society was to have opened on Wednesday last, but the rains prevented the attendance of either visitors or exhibitors. On Thursday morning about 11 o'clock we reached the grounds, and it was still raining. Not a dozen people were present except officials and attendants. The former gathered in the office, and showed their grit by resolving to carry on the fair, and extend it over Saturday. In the afternoon the rain let up, and a few stragglers began to appear, but on Thursday night, with the sky dull and gloomy, and the grounds water-soaked, it certainly looked anything but promising. Friday morning opened damp and misty, and the sun broke through the clouds about nine o'clock, and soon dried the grounds and induced visitors to put in their appearance. It took all the morning to arrange the exhibits, and a great many vehicles and stock entered did not come to the grounds. On the whole, however, the show was a fine one, and in some departments very meritorious. In the cattle, in which department Mr. B.

Proctor was superintendent, there were fewer present than the previous year. Mr. John McKay, of Romeo, was the principal exhibitor of Shorthorns, and had seven females of all ages and two bull calves. The young stock was all from his bull Wild Eyes 35167. They were all red roans except the two bulls and one heifer, which were red with a little white. The latter were six and five months old respectively, and good straight animals, with the back and loin which old Wild Eyes always puts on his calves. A Young Mary cow and her yearling calf, the latter by Mr. Wm. Ball's Rose of Sharon bull Duke of Crow Farm, are also fine animals, and a good addition to Mr. McKay's herd. A couple of females, one a roan heifer purchased at the sale of the Messrs. Ferguson, of Almont, but whose owner's name we did not learn, were very fair animals, the heifer especially so. Two aged Shorthorn bulls were also on the ground but we did not have time to learn who owned them. Also a grade two-year-old which looked very like a Holderness in form and color. Some grade Shorthorns were also shown, a roan two-year-old from Mr. McKay's Wild Eyes being a choice steer in every way, which a year's good care and feeding will develop into premium beef. The other breeds were not largely represented, a few Holsteins, Devons and some grade stock being all that made their appearance. Mr. C. M. Parich had a nice two-year-old Jersey bull, well marked, "old color," bred by Mr. Jenny, of Mt. Clemens, which is the making of a fine animal.

In horses the exhibition was behind that of last year, owing to many who entered being deterred from bringing their stock. We noticed a fine iron gray Percheron stallion, an imported horse, and a lot of grade Percherons of various ages. In fine-wooled sheep there was an excellent lot of stock shown. J. C. Thompson had his rams Zack Chandler, Pathfinder and Bismark, the latter a half-brother to Ball's Star Bismark. He also had a party of yearling ewes and ewe lambs, mostly by Zack Chandler, which he need not be ashamed to show anywhere. They were in nice condition, and in style and staple were choice.

J. W. Thorrington, of Romeo, who keeps close to Atwood blood, showed some yearling ewes, tracing back to Addison and Genesee, large, plain-bodied, long stapled, with good fronts and square well put up behind, which are a good sample of what can be done in this line of blood. A stock ram, recently purchased by himself in company with Taylor & Chapman, of a Clark ram and from a Genesee ewe, is one of the most stylish sheep we have seen in a long time. He is a large animal, weighing 177 lbs., square built, with a broad back and loin, well sprung ribs, short thick neck, heavily folded, heavy flank and sides and belly well wrinkled, giving a very dense fleece. His last fleece weighed 30 lbs., and he has run out most of the time, as shown by his fleece.

J. Randall had a fine lot of Merinos also, and so had some others whom we did not see. The sheep men of this section are not letting their flocks run down if wool is cheap and free traders want an order reduction of the tariff. Mr. A. Chiswell showed what could be done in grading up a flock, and had some grades that were equal to the average thoroughbred.

True Brothers had some good Poland-Chinas from the herds of Levi Arnold and the Barnes Brothers, with young stock bred from them. Mr. C. M. Parich was also an exhibitor in this department, and had Poland-Chinas, but we did not learn their breeding. There were some hogs shown that were anything but a credit to their owners, and a change in the class of hogs raised in this neighborhood would be of much benefit. The farmers should take the same interest in improving their breed of swine as they are doing in horses, sheep and cattle, and they would get more pounds of pork for their feed than they do now.

In the hall devoted to fruits, seeds, vegetables and farm products, the show was far ahead of that of last season. In grains there were a large number of entries of wheat, corn, oats, barley, beans and peas. In wheat Lancaster and Fultz were shown in the reds and Clawson in white. A sample of Hulless barley, a large-grained, smoky-colored grain, was shown. Its color would frighten a maltster, but it is said to be hardy and productive. In vegetables the show of potatoes was excellent. We never saw better Snowflakes. This variety, from the number of samples shown, must be a favorite. There were a great number of varieties shown, and not a poor one in the lot. Beets, rutabagas, carrots, pumpkins of enormous size, green squashes, little squashes, and good squashes, Hubbard, crook-necks, sweet and other varieties, were shown in large numbers. Apples and peaches and pears were shown in fair numbers, and some of them were choice. Canned fruits of all kinds were shown in profusion, and we noticed a number of entries of evaporated fruits and vegetables. A fine sample of evaporated apples, entered by Mr. C. A. Hulbert of Armada, was the finest in flavor and color we have seen. He uses

the American Evaporator, made at Waynesboro, Pa., and is highly pleased with it. This hall was under the superintendence of Messrs. A. H. Peabody and C. M. Parich, and it kept them very busy. We noted some cheeses from the Armada factory which were well ripened, but we did not test their flavor and quality.

The main hall, a very neat building, was well filled with fancy articles of all descriptions, and would have been overflowing had the weather been favorable. The display of agricultural implements and machinery was not so good as last year, the result of the rains. The grounds, however, were in excellent condition by noon on Friday, and after that the crowd of visitors constantly increased until there was a fair number in attendance. When we left Friday evening it looked as if the Society would get out even, and we hope they did.

On the grounds we met many of our old friends, among whom was Robert McKay, Sr., who is just as bright and vigorous as ten years ago, though past the span of life allotted to man by the psalmist. There were President Youngs, Secretary Barringer (the back bone of the Society), Mr. John McKay, Mr. W. D. Pettibone, N. Hulet, F. McElurick, Robt. Milliken, and many others, to whom we are under obligations for courtesies during our visit.

#### CENTRAL MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Nineteenth Annual Fair—Success Under Difficulties.

This society advertised their nineteenth annual fair for their grounds at Lansing September 29, 30, and October 1, 2 and 3. They comprise between 40 and 60 acres, partly shade and partly lawn, distant from the business center one mile. The buildings are large and erected with a view to permanence. Carriage hall is 56x100 feet; grain, seed and vegetable hall, 34x60 feet; fruit hall, 40x80; art hall, 44x130. There are stalls for 800 horses and sheds innumerable for cattle, sheep and swine, with the finest poultry pens to be found in the West. As I anticipated the presence here of one of the publishers, your correspondent devoted himself to office work until the afternoon of the last day, when I started to gather a few facts. I found many of the stock men absent, so this report must be meagre in detail.

The fair opened with brilliant prospects for its treasury, as the entries numbered more than 5,000; but fate ordained otherwise, the bright sunshine of the second day and morning of the third being succeeded by a heavy rain, damping the exhibits as well as the ardor of the officers, and cutting down the receipts. However, Thursday and Friday were good days in attendance, considering the heavy storms. The attendance was larger than could have been expected and every one present departed pleased with the show, for it was the largest ever made in the life of this society. The officers, from E. H. Whitney, President, and busy, bustling Ben B. Baker, Secretary, and others, did all in their power to carry out the programme, while the veteran, Hon. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, the "keeper of the gates," saved many a dollar to the society and unearthed many a fraud. The officers are entitled to a vote of thanks from the society, exhibitors and attendants for their attention to arduous duties and many courtesies. The display of

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY, while not as large as at the spring fair in June, was very creditable, as many of the prominent manufacturers had quite large exhibits, and one could listen by the hour to the musical tones of the agents as they dilated upon the merits of mowers, reapers, self-binders, hay rakes, plows, cultivators, etc. In this department R. J. Emery, of Albion, cared for all with much tact and judgment.

#### VEGETABLES, GRAINS AND SEEDS.

In this department was found a display creditable to the Superintendent, John Russell, for its arrangement, and to the State at large, for at the State Fair and at the Northwestern at Grand Rapids we found nothing superior.

#### FLORAL AND ART HALLS.

well filled with woman's handiwork, cunningly devised and worked into beautiful form and shape by skillful fingers. In the youth's department we noticed some needlework, and penmanship executed by Miss Bessie M. Garlock, of Howell, a little miss of but eleven years, which would be creditable to one of more mature years.

#### LIVE STOCK.

In cattle Shorthorns were well represented, but we missed the herd of Wm. Ball. We noticed the first prize herd of B. F. Batchelor, of Oceola Center. They are Young Marys, comprise eight head and carried off first on herds, first on bull under one year, first on two year old heifer, second on aged cow, second on yearling heifer, third on heifer calves, and fourth on aged bull. R. H. Holmes showed one animal and took second on him as young bull under two years.

H. H. Hinds exhibited 18 recorded and one grade, on which he took 10 premiums, namely, first on three year old grade heifer, first on one year old bull, first on one year old heifer, first on heifer calf, second on bull calf, second on three year old heifer, second on herd, third on bull of any age, fourth on two year old heifer, fourth on one year old heifer. Mr. Hinds never finds fault but takes his medicine from the judges without grumbling.

James M. Turner showed his Spring dale herd and received first on aged bull, first on aged cow, and a number of others. Wm. & Alex. McPherson, of Howell, showed a full herd, with the same animals in which carried off a number of premiums at the State Fair at Kalamazoo. They have a handsome lot of Shorthorns, and of fine breeding.

Five head and the bull Earl were shown by L. T. Sutliff, of Lansing. In Galloways we noticed the full herd of R. B. Caruss, of St. Johns. He got first on aged bull, first on young bull, first on cows, first, second and third on young heifers, and first on her.

John J. Bush, of Lansing, showed 10 head and got several premiums. H. L. Carrier, Brookfield, had 10 head of thoroughbred Devons and grades, and went off with all the premiums in this class.

In Holsteins Charles L. Seeley, Lansing, had seven head, and got first on bull under one year, fourth on yearling, first and third on two year old heifers.

A. Relyea, of Jackson, had five head, but we did not get his list of premiums. W. K. Sexton, of Howell, showed 19 head. He got both second and third on herds, a number of firsts on individual animals, while the yearling which he imported last May took first, with no questions asked.

C. L. Harrison, of Lansing, showed 14 head, and walked off with first on herds, three single firsts, three seconds, two thirds and one fourth.

In Jerseys E. F. Kent, of Grand Ledge showed seven head and took first on yearling bull, second on aged bull, second on calf, and fourth on cows.

G. H. Potter, of Lansing, showed three females, but I could not learn what premiums he received. Smith Brothers, of Eagle, Clinton Co., the youngest breeders in the State, exhibited 11 head and took first on herd, first on yearling bull, first on aged cow, second on three year old heifer, second on two year old heifer, second on heifer calf.

H. R. Kingman, of Battle Creek, showed from his Clover Lawn herd 19 head of the most popular strains of this breed on which he took eighteen prizes, in eight classes, getting six firsts. This is the herd (although the most highly-prized ones were not brought here), that took first and third at State Fair, getting one-third of the premiums there in 190 entries, and all from aged animals down to calves, are prize-winners where experts have their say. This herd made one of the "shows" at the State Fair, and did much to popularize the Jerseys with those who saw them.

In the Merino sheep department we found but few of the owners and can only write of the exhibit of B. F. Batchelor, Oceola, with three pens, taking first on his fifteen months old ram, Mogul, and first on yearling ewe.

Barnes Brothers, of Byron, exhibited largely and carried off the laurels in this class, having no less than 44 head.

In middle wools W. J. Garlock, of Howell, had by far the largest exhibit in this class, showing 28 pens of Shorthorns. This is the sixth time he has exhibited at this fair, and the crowd around him indicated the interest now being taken in this class of sheep. His imported ram Rodrick Dhu (and the ewes are models), at the head of the flock is the 19th sheep admitted to the new register of this class of stock in the country. He is a magnificent animal in all respects. Mr. G. informs us his trade is lively, showing a healthy increase from last year, his sales this year extending largely at home and is filling orders from beyond the Mississippi. This breeder is entitled to the credit of making a fine exhibit.

S. A. Robinson, of Lansing, and Harvey Wilcox, of Mason, were the other exhibitors of this stock, which are a branch of the Garlock flock and show very finely. Also G. W. Young, of Grand Ledge, exhibited three pens: Alexander McKim, of North Lansing, 12 pens, taking several premiums, while T. Spicer & Sons, of Brookfield, showed eight pens of Cotswolds.

The entries in the horse department were nearly as large as at the State Fair, numbering over 500 and including some of the finest Clydes, Percherons and thoroughbreds in the State. L. P. Ferguson showed from the Portland breeding stables some noted stallions. J. M. Tuomey, of Lansing, showed 14 Clydesdales, his imported stallion heading them. In this class A. Phillips, of Danville, had Earl Dunmore and five of his get (first in sweepstakes), and Chancellor, 8d in his class; also Young Campsie, 1st, and Marquis of Lorne, 3d in his class. O. W. Parrell, of Flushing, showed his imported Solway Knight, which got first in his

class, and Lord of the Tower 2nd in his class.

In Percherons, T. Hall & Son, of Bath, had 17, headed by imp. Mark Anthony; while the beautiful Volney was shown by Hiram Byam, of Eagle.

In Berkshires C. Hibbard & Son, of Bennington, led with twelve pens, taking a large number of premiums. G. B. Cole, of Lansing exhibited Berkshires and Suffolk, but we failed to find him.

In Poland-Chinas, Barnes Bros., of Byron, had a decided "walk away" with their grand display of prize winners fresh from fields of glory at Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids. L. W. Fitch, of Howell, made a showing of the new breeds of Cheshires; while R. H. Holmes, of Lansing, brought the Jersey Reds to the front.

#### POULTRY.

This department was never represented so well in this State as at this fair, there being over 300 entries, all the fowls being of value and merit. The competition was necessarily close, but the judge, C. A. Silcox, of Lansing, gave perfect satisfaction, he being an enthusiast in this stock.

Among the dairy implements the crowd of interested farmers' wives seem to centre around the Champion Creamery and Davis Swing Churn, listening to the genial E. A. Andrews, of Williamston, Ingham County, special agent, as he dilated upon their merits. There is no question but this combination of cabinet creamery and churn is worthy of every dairyman's notice, and when used the days of hard work and poor butter are "twins relics of the past," for with them labor is saved and perfect butter made. In this creamery the manufacturers have grasped the idea, developed it and brought forth a perfect one, and one containing all the essential points, soundness of can, perfection of water tanks, and refrigerator, cupboard, ventilation, etc., combining usefulness and durability at a small expense. A good creamery means two to three cents per pound extra for every pound of butter made.

The fair, though not a financial success, was not run at a loss, and the officers, untiring as they were in their efforts, have met with a reward from the approval of the hundreds who attended. ROWE.

#### TUBERCULOSIS OR PLEURO-PNEUMONIA, WHICH?

A few weeks ago it was announced that pleuro-pneumonia had broken out in the herd of John V. Farwell, at Lake Forest, near Chicago. A few days afterwards it was positively ascertained that there was not the slightest symptom of pleuro-pneumonia, and that it was only a scare. Now Dr. N. H. Paaren and Dr. R. J. Withers announce that they have visited the herd, which consists of Guernseys and Jerseys, and that it is not pleuro-pneumonia these cattle are affected with but tuberculosis (tubercular consumption). The report of the visit and the conclusions arrived at are given by the Chicago papers, from which we take the following:

"On questioning the herdman, it was found that several of the animals were in a condition that indicated ill health, but he was ignorant of the nature of the disease they were suffering from. One of them, a four-year-old Guernsey named 'Fanny Ogier,' was examined by Drs. Paaren and Withers, and both of them pronounced the disease to be tuberculosis, and not pleuro-pneumonia. The animal had been sick for about ten days, and for two or three days had not eaten anything. As the herdman expressed it, she was 'dumphy and feverish.' There was no cough perceptible, but the animal showed a disposition to lie down when kept in the barn. On examination the temperature was found to be 102½ deg., about one degree above the normal condition. The anterior of the left lung and the interior of the right lung were found to be saturated with blood, showing that the active stages of congestion were past, and that these organs were in a state of passive inflammation, the first stages of acute tuberculosis. Another Guernsey cow named 'Cassie' was then examined. In this animal the symptoms were more apparent. The breathing, which was loud and difficult, was impeded by the existence of tuberculosis tumors about the pharynx. These tumors were also apparent on other parts of the body. Upon sounding the animal it was found that the anterior of the left lung was seriously affected, and the doctors pronounced this another case of tuberculosis. Two other animals were found to be slightly affected with the same symptoms. A fourth was affected after going to Tripp's, at Peoria. Total, eleven cases.

"D. W. Rawlings placed his cow in pasture with a Shorthorn cow, which in turn contracted what was evidently severe lung disease. She has since been slaughtered. Experiment No. 4. 'D. H. and S. S. Tripp, of Peoria, purchased three cows at the Epler sale, and this may very properly be called experiment No. 5. One of these afterwards sickened and infected his herd, from which he has lost five, and had an additional one sick at last accounts which he intended to kill.

"The disease was carried in some way—probably by persons going from one stable to the other—to Mr. O. J. Bailey's herd, and here we have experiment No. 6. Mr. Bailey had lost five at last accounts. In neither of the above herds is the experiment yet finished.

"Experiment No. 7 occurred when W. C. Clarke, of Geneva, took two cows from the Epler sale into his herd. As a result seven head have died, or were killed by him, affected with pleuro-pneumonia, and Dr. Paaren killed two more for the same disease September 24th.

"We may remark the purchase of two cows from Clarke by C. A. Keefer, of Sterling, Ill., as experiment No. 8. One of these cows died of pleuro-pneumonia, and the other has since been killed because affected with the same disease.

"Experiment No. 9 was made by John Boyd when he brought two cows from Clarke's infected herd among his beautiful Jerseys at Elmhurst. The record here is fourteen that have died or been killed showing symptoms and post-mortem appearances of contagious pleuro-pneumonia. Twenty-one cows in this herd were exposed, twelve of which, or about 60 per cent, have already contracted the disease; and this in addition to the two that were purchased, both of which were affected.

"Experiment No. 10 was Frisbie & Lake's purchase of fifteen head from Clarke's infected farm. These animals were pastured with the 250 which constituted their herd at Cynthiana, Ky. The results so far may be summed up as four dead and ten or twelve sick, with others

than pleuro-pneumonia, of course, but it is very sure; and no one can feel sure that he has got rid of it so long as an animal remains that has been in contact with another while it had the disease. It is both hereditary and contagious. In this State the owner of a noted herd of Shorthorns went to Canada and purchased a young bull. He took the animal home and used it in his herd. It died, and a number of the other animals became sick. A post-mortem on the bull showed its lungs, throat and intestines to be covered with tubercles. Every cow died that the bull had been used on, and the calves all died with the same disease. Some of these appeared all right until one or two years of age, but finally the disease developed, and death ensued. The cows were evidently inoculated with the disease by their offspring. The herd was finally broken up, and those animals found free from the disease sold. A veterinary surgeon, when asked as to the origin of the disease, said that in the case of the bull it was the result of close housing and feeding stimulating food. He had lived in Canada, and knew of other cases in the same herd. It will be seen, therefore, that even if the disease turns out to be tuberculosis in Mr. Farwell's herd, there is not much room for congratulation.

In this connection, partially as a history of the agitation which has resulted from the statement of Dr. Salmon that a number of cases of pleuro-pneumonia existed in Illinois, and partly to give his side of the subject to offset the abuse which has been so liberally bestowed upon him by various parties interested and not a few newspapers, we give the following extract from Dr. Salmon's reply to the strictures of various Chicago and Western cattle men:

"In November, 1883, C. R. C. Dye bought a number of unregistered Jersey cattle, which were gathered up in the vicinity of Baltimore and taken to his farm at Troy, O., where his herd was exposed to them. About the first of February, 1884, his fine bull Rayon D'Ocken died with symptoms of acute lung disease and died in March. He was examined and found affected with pleuro-pneumonia. Other animals to the number of eighteen afterwards contracted the disease, and seven in all died or were killed by him. September 18th I selected seven of the animals which had been sick and still presented signs of the disease and slaughtered them. Every one was plainly affected with pleuro-pneumonia. We may call this experiment No. 1.

"In February, 1884, C. N. Mitchell, of Dayton, O., purchased three heifers of Mr. Dye and placed them with his herd of about thirty animals. As a result seven head died of pleuro-pneumonia and five show plain indications of the same disease. This is experiment No. 2.

"Experiment No. 3 was made by A. G. Epler, of Virginia, Ill., who purchased five animals from Dye in January and placed them among the herd of Danvers, Ill., on the 21st of February. Of the animals one bought by Mr. Bevis, of Virginia, died; one bought by Porte Yates, of Springfield, died—both of pleuro-pneumonia. A cow brought on Mr. Epler's farm died of the same disease in June. Another sold to P. L. Gaston, of Normal, died with suspicious symptoms the 20th of April. Another, purchased by D. W. Rawlings, was sick with symptoms of lung disease. Still another, purchased by M. G. Clarke, of Geneva, Ill., was sick in April, and one that went to B. Warlow, of Danvers, Ill., and two that went to Lilly, of Sharon, Ill., died of an unknown disease. Following the introduction of the Dye cattle into this herd then there were seven deaths, three of which certainly were of pleuro-pneumonia. Two cases of sickness with lung disease not ending in death are mentioned above. A third case occurred before the sale; the animal was sold as not fully recovered, is now owned by W. F. Whitson, of Rushville, Ill., and presents plain symptoms of pleuro-pneumonia. A fourth was affected after going to Tripp's, at Peoria. Total, eleven cases.

coming down with the disease almost daily.

Messrs. Frisbie and Lake did not believe in pleuro-pneumonia; they intended to protect their herd to the fullest extent of the law against the supposed sensational reports of interested veterinarians, and they engaged one of the best lawyers in the State to defend them. Probably they accepted the view so notoriously circulated in certain quarters that this is a disease of Jerseys and that their grades, at least, would certainly escape. Fortunately, just as their case was prepared they decided to have a post-mortem examination made of a sick cow. The result was very well expressed to me by Judge West, their counsel, when he said that the finest legal effort of his life was ruined by that examination."

#### BREEDING OF THE RAM BONAPARTE.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Mr. Burwell's brief note in relation to the breeding of the ram Bonaparte (304 N. Y. Register), which appeared in a recent number of your journal, is characteristic of the man. Mr. B. has nothing to conceal in the breeding of his sheep and nothing to fear from the most careful investigation. Bonaparte was bred by one of his own townsmen, and it is hardly a supposable case that such breeders as J. J. & C. P. Crane, also Bridport men, would like Mr. B. breed to descendants of Bonaparte unless the blood lines were well attested.

Whoever originated the report that Bonaparte's dam was a grade ewe went gunning for big game. This ram through his son Silverhorn and grandsons Bismark, Stub and Eureka 2d, established a royal line that will make any other line draw the fire of jealous breeders. I, like Mr. B., am greatly interested in the breeding of this ram, as all of our top crosses are in the Bismark line.

Now if any man has in his possession any facts not strictly in accordance with the following certificate, which is a copy of the one on file at Secretary Chapman's office, Middlebury, Vt., he will confer a great favor by publishing them in your columns.

JOHN P. RAY.

Bridport, Vt., June 20th, 1884.

The undersigned makes the following statement in regard to the dam of the ram Bonaparte bred by Mr. Myrick, one of the undersigned. The dam of the ram Bonaparte was one of 31 ewe lambs we bought of E. A. Birchard of the Robinson (E. R.) flock. After we had bred these two or three years we made a division and this ewe being left until the other twenty ewes were divided, Mr. Myrick purchased the half interest of Mr. Wilcox in this ewe. After the division Mr. Myrick took the ewe to F. D. Doty to be served by his ram sired by J. J. Crane's young Eureka (this ram was called the Doty ram), the produce being the ram Bonaparte, a half interest being owned by Mr. Wilcox by contract. During the time that we owned these ewes we owned no other ewes nor were any other kept by us. This ewe, the dam of Bonaparte, was a very fine styled ewe, rugged constitutioned and heavy fleeced, with some jar hairs. There can be no mistaking that this ewe was the dam of Bonaparte or that we purchased her of Mr. Birchard.

B. J. MYRICK.  
E. D. WILCOX.  
Bridport, Vt., 7th, 1884.

The within statement is true to our own personal knowledge.

T. J. MYRICK.  
F. A. MYRICK.

#### THE MICHIGAN MERINO SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

##### Official List of Transfers.

From Wm. Ball—Two ewes from his own flock, 13 from the flock of J. Siskney, and one from the flock of J. Wright, to J. S. Bamber, Highland.

From D. C. Seale—Six ewes to F. T. Loomis, Salsen; three ewes to D. D. Hadley, Holly; six ewes to A. W. Baker, Highland, and five ewes to Henry Tyler, Grand Blanc.

From C. C. Cameron—One ewe from his Iowa flock, two from the flock of J. T. Rich, and three from the flock of G. W. Stuart, to Wm. Wilson, Grand Blanc.

From H. L. Carrier—One ram to D. Gillman, Eaton Rapids; one ram to Samuel Bly, of same place; two rams to Aaron Willard, Olivet; one ram to A. Crawford, Springport.

Six ewes from the flock of C. Brainerd to Silas Carter, Eaton Rapids; one ewe from flock of J. Brainerd, to B. M. Carrier, Duck Lake; three ewes to Arthur Ball, Brookfield.

From F. M. Dean—Two ewes from the flock of S. B. Palmer and G. B. Rhead, and one each from flocks of G. L. Hendee, W. D. & R. Dewey, and Stevens, to A. W. Bissell, Pewamun. Three ewes from the flock of Palmer & Rhead, one from the flock of J. B. Hamblin, and five from the flock of S. Brewster to Buck Bros., Portland.

From James W. Dey—Three rams from his own flock, and three rams from flock of F. C. Wood, to M. & J. Jacobs, Concord. One ram from each of the flocks of F. C. Wood and H. S. Brookings to John Allen, Devereaux. One ram from flock of F. C. Wood to J. W. Benham, Homer.

From Richard Dougherty—One ram to C. C. Bennett, Mattison; two rams to S. B. Chase, Mattison; one ram to Jonas Scrantom, Cline; one ram to W. F. Hodges, South Haven; one ram to A. G. Gates, Otsego, and one ram to D. Orest, Mattison, all from his own flock.

From Wm. Duncan—Four ewes from the flock of D. A. Harlow, to A. N. Barnhart, Northville.

From E. H. Goodrich—Two ewes to R. M. Michael, North Branch; three ewes to C. G. Goodrich, Swartz Creek, and six ewes to F. Donaldson, of the same place.

John Handley—Three ewes from the flock of A. A. Farnsworth, to J. F. Bowen, Tecumseh.

R. Hathaway—Eighteen ewes to M. L. Frazer, Hudson.

W. J. G. DEAN, Secretary.

The Texas Wool-Grower advises stock owners in that State not to shear their sheep in the present condition of the wool market. Six months wool is not a desirable thing at any time, but in the present condition of the market it would only be an additional source of weakness.



[illegible]

**MICHIGAN FARMER**  
—AND—  
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—AND—  
State Journal of Agriculture.  
DETROIT, TUESDAY, OCT. 6, 1884.

**WHEAT.**

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 631,959 bu., against 411,372 bu. the previous week and 276,364 bu. for corresponding week in 1883. Shipments for the week were 432,331 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 590,695 bu., against 498,489 last week, and 363,784 bu. for corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on September 27 was 24,173,090 bu., against 22,312,654 the previous week, and 26,964,337 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 1,860,386 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending September 27 were 1,123,511 bu., against 1,125,144 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 15,612,897 bu. against 11,963,363 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

The features of the wheat market the past week were the large receipts and shipments, the slight fluctuations in values, and the growing feeling that present prices are below the normal range of values when the crops and requirements of the world are considered. That prices will advance in the face of the present enormous receipts, is not at all probable; but that values have not declined from the prices of a week ago, although receipts were the heaviest ever known in this market, shows that prices must have been struck back, and that lessened arrivals would likely lead to an appreciation in values. The week closed with a rather weaker feeling, especially in No. 1 white. This market yesterday was rather weak and unsettled. White was the best sustained, red, for both spot and futures, was lower. Business was light, as usual on Monday, only 60,000 bu. of futures being sold. Spot was sold to the amount of 175 car-loads. Chicago was weak at the opening, but became firmer under favorable foreign advices. No. 2 red closed at 79c and No. 3 do. at 68c per bu. Toledo was dull but firm at 77c per bu. for spot No. 2 red and October delivery.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from Sept. 20th to Oct. 6th:

	No. 1 white.	No. 2 white.	No. 3 white.
Sept. 20	80	75	65
" 21	80	75	65
" 22	79 1/2	74 1/2	64 1/2
" 23	80	75	65
" 24	80	75	65
" 25	79 1/2	74 1/2	64 1/2
" 26	80	75	65
" 27	80 1/2	75 1/2	65 1/2
" 28	80 1/2	75 1/2	65 1/2
" 29	80 1/2	75 1/2	65 1/2
" 30	80 1/2	75 1/2	65 1/2
Oct. 1	81 1/2	76 1/2	66 1/2
" 2	81 1/2	76 1/2	66 1/2
" 3	81 1/2	76 1/2	66 1/2
" 4	81 1/2	76 1/2	66 1/2
" 5	81 1/2	76 1/2	66 1/2
" 6	81 1/2	76 1/2	66 1/2

Cash wheat has ruled steeper than futures, owing to the lack of any speculative feeling in the trade. The following statement shows the closing figures on No. 1 white each day of the past week for the various dates:

	Oct.	Nov.
Tuesday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Wednesday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Thursday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Friday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Saturday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Sunday	80 1/2	80 1/2

For No. 2 red closing prices on futures each day for the week were as follows:

	Sept.	Oct.
Tuesday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Wednesday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Thursday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Friday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Saturday	80 1/2	80 1/2
Sunday	80 1/2	80 1/2

The following statement shows the amount of wheat in sight at the dates given this season as compared with last year.

	1884.	1883.
Visible supply in U. S. and Can.	22,312,654	24,173,090
On passage for United Kingdom	1,498,000	1,498,000
On passage for Europe	4,382,000	4,382,000
Total, Sept. 13 and 15	28,192,654	30,053,080
Total previous week	26,964,337	26,964,337
Total two weeks ago	24,173,090	24,173,090
Same date in 1883	24,173,090	24,173,090

The British trade papers are figuring up the cost of producing wheat in that country. Beerbohm's London Corn Circular says on this subject:

"In East Lothian, with the present rent of land, it is impossible that any grain crops for the last six or seven years could have paid. A friend of mine sold barley yesterday at 30s per quarter. His returns were five quarters per acre, realizing £7 10s an acre. His outlay was: rent, £5; labor, £2; seed, £3; manure £6; taxes, 10s, thus causing an outlay of £15 10s. per acre to realize this year about the half. Ten years ago most of the farmers in this district had a large capital. This must be nearly exhausted now."

The London Times also gives an instance of the same nature in which the loss to the farmer was equally as great. It was as follows:

"An English farmer in the neighborhood of Doncaster, Eng., contrasts the harvest of 1883 with that of 1884. In 1883 he grew 50 acres of wheat at 28 bushels per acre; price, 8s. 6d., £280; barley, 62 acres, at 33 bushels average yield; price, 5s. 6d., £255 12s. making a total of £535 12s. for the product of 142 acres of grain. In 1884 he has grown—wheat, 53 acres, 38 bush. average per acre; 4s. 9d., £254 10s.; Barley, 48 acres, average 24 bushels; price, 4s. 6d., £230 4s.; Beans, 23 acres, at 32 bushels, price, 4s. 6d., £201 12s.; Oats, 12 acres at 23 bushels, price, 2s. 6d., £48; making a total of £534 12s. for 140 acres of grain, showing a deficit in 1884 of £43. This farmer adds that the rent, after some fluctuations, is the same now as in 1883, but rates and taxes are £2 2s. 6d. more and labor bill £40 more, though the work

was not so well done. His farm has a thin limestone soil, on which it will not answer to lay down permanent grass, and as seeds cannot remain down longer than two years, there is no resource left but to grow grain—this year at a dead loss, even with a good harvest."

The French farmers are in about the same fix as the British, and are very much dissatisfied with the outlook. One French writer says that "the losses of the farmers of France on their grain crops of 1884 are upwards of a thousand millions of francs."

In the face of the extremely low prices prevailing, both French and English farmers are compelled by their necessities to market their wheat at once, and accept what they can get. This has a bad influence upon the trade, and keeps the markets in a state of weakness not called for by the general outlook; but despite this, a slight advance is noted on foreign wheat at Liverpool.

In this country farmers have sent in their wheat in large quantities, in many instances to realize money to meet their obligations. When this pressure is removed we look for a heavy falling off in receipts until prices become more satisfactory.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Sept. 28.	Oct. 6.
Flour, extra State	10s. 9 d.	10s. 9 d.
Wheat, No. 1 white	8s. 7 d.	8s. 7 d.
do Spring No. 2 old	7s. 3 d.	7s. 3 d.
do do do new	6s. 6 d.	6s. 6 d.
do Winter Western	6s. 8 d.	6s. 8 d.

**CORN AND OATS.**

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 7,792 bu., against 19,997 bu. the previous week, and 41,525 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. Shipments were 11,602 bu. The visible supply in the country on Sept. 27, amounted to 6,796, 650 bu., against 5,448,385 bu. the previous week, and 14,068,369 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 1,347,721 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 207,017 bu., against 250,490 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 1,919,891 bu., against 8,800,399 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 10,509 bu., against 23,718 bu. last week, and 46,219 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. The feature of interest in the corn market the past week was the closing out of the Chicago "corner" on Tuesday last, when No. 2 corn sold in that market at over 90c per bu. A good many settled, however, on the basis of 87c. The parties who engineered the "corner" are said to have cleared about two millions of dollars. The addition to the amount in sight has been caused by the high prices attracting every bushel of old corn that could be spared, and must leave the country about bare of supplies. Some corn reached Chicago that is said to have been grown fourteen years ago, and held ever since by the grower. The market has ruled quiet and steady, with the movement very light. No. 2 is quoted here at 54c per bu., new mixed at 53c, and rejected at 50c. The warm weather has enabled every bit of corn in the State to mature, and the crop turns out to be larger and better than the most sanguine anticipated six weeks ago. There is some fear that the warm, moist weather will cause it to sprout in the shock. At Chicago prices keep up remarkably well, and No. 2 is quoted at 55c per bu. In futures, October closed at 54c, 53c, November at 53c, and the year at 43c. It is rumored that October corn has also been "cornered," and the quotations for spot and deliveries for that month would seem to prove it. At Toledo the market is quiet with No. 3 spot at 56c, October delivery at same figures, and November at 45c per bu. The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted steady at 5s. 1 1/2d. per cental for new mixed, and 5s. 6d. for old do., the same figures as reported a week ago on old, and 2 1/2c advance on new mixed.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 28,405 bu. against 22,838 bu. the previous week, and 70,270 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. The shipments were 11,067 bu. The visible supply of this grain on September 27 was 3,818,057 bu., against 5,792,838 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 37,995 bu., against 39,250 bu. the previous week, and 168,131 bu. at the same date last year. The exports for Europe the past week were 14,534 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 250,870 bu., against 67,547 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1883. The market has ruled very steady all week, with values at about the same range as last reported. No. 2 white are quoted at 30c, No. 2 mixed at 27c, and light mixed at 28c per bu. The Chicago market is quoted steady, with spot No. 2 mixed at 24c. In futures October is quoted at 24c, November at 23c, and December at 27c. This grain is expected to advance by most dealers in the trade. At Toledo the market is firm at 24c for spot No. 2 mixed, 26c for October delivery and 28c for November. At New York oats are firmer and more active. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 31c; No. 2 do., 32c; No. 1 do., 32c; No. 2 Chicago mixed, 33c; No. 3 white, 32c; No. 3 do., 34c; No. 1 white, 33c; Western white, 34c; State white, 34c.

**HOPS.**

The eastern markets are quiet, with prices ruling about the same as a week ago. There are some reports that indicate a little more inquiry on the part of brewers, and at 20c, the ruling price, buyers ought to be well satisfied. In this market Michigan hops are quoted at 16c, with New York at 20c to 22c per lb. Very little doing, and market dull and unsettled. At New York hops are quoted lower than a week ago, with sales confined to small lots. The Daily Bulletin of Saturday says:

"Small sales to brewers in lots of 10 to 40 bales cover pretty much all there is in the way of business here at the moment. Shippers look over samples and offer about 30c for moderate quantities of choice goods, but show no anxiety about

buying even at that rate. Dealers find the country markets relatively higher than this, and hold back pending some change more favorable for business. Interior holders seem to stop at 20c as a rule, but reports come from different sections of 18c being accepted for fine goods."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

N. Y. State, crop of 1884, prime to choice	20 1/2	22
do do do low to fair	17 1/2	20
N. Y. State, crop of 1883, good to prime	18 1/2	20
do do do low to fair	15 1/2	18
do do do do do	14 1/2	16
Pacific coast, crop of 1884, fair to prime	18 1/2	20

There is nothing very favorable in the outlook for holders at present, but there is no one article which changes quicker than hops. To-day they are dull and weak, with buyers holding off. To-morrow they are active and buoyant, with buyers tumbling over each other in their anxiety to secure supplies.

The Waterville market is quoted by the Times as substantially unchanged, and that journal says:

"Orders at 18c to 19c it is impossible to fill, but 20c will buy considerable many growers, though our local growers will not sell for that. There seems to be enough orders at 20c to keep up about all offered, which is unusually small, growers seemingly being content to sit still and let buyers come to them. It is easier to buy 20c than it was last week, that is the amount of change. Two or three hundred bales average to change hands daily at 20c as a basis. Seven pound rate is now more often given by growers. All in all we should say the market was fairly firm at 20c. If shippers take hold it will keep it at 20c or send it up a trifle, according to the liveliness of demand. The brewers' trade alone will keep it steady for a time if growers remain as firm as now. As hops are baled up, the estimated shortage of 10 per cent in this State is fully confirmed."

The English markets are in about the same condition as our own, and growers are declining to sell at current values. It is said that prices now ruling in England are below the cost of production, and an advance in price is generally regarded as certain within a short time. It is reported that the Phil Best Brewing Co., of Milwaukee, well known in this city, have contracted for 1,500 bales at 20c, delivered in Milwaukee at convenience of seller during the season. The domestic receipts and exports and foreign imports of hops at New York compare as follows:

Domestic receipts for the past week	1,898
For corresponding week in 1883	2,118
Since Sept. 1, 1884	6,309
For same time in 1883	4,601
Exports to Europe for the past week	461
For corresponding week in 1883	577
Since Sept. 1, 1884	747
For same time in 1883	2,941
Imports from Europe for past week	34
For corresponding week in 1883	57
Since Sept. 1, 1884	34
For same time in 1883	57

**DAIRY PRODUCTS.**

The advance noted a week ago in our local butter market has been well maintained, and under light receipts of good table butter it rules firm at 23c to 25c per lb., the latter figures for a really fine article. The lower grades, however, are in large supply and with the strong competition they encounter from "substitutes" are weak and dull. Creamery commands 28c to 30c. Dealers profess to believe that a drop in prices is certain, owing to the improvement in pastures from the late rains. But at this season of the year, when a hard frost may be looked for within twenty-four hours, it is not likely butter will show much weakness. At Chicago the market has not ruled so firm since the warm weather of the past few days set in. Dealers do not like to carry much stock in such weather, and are buying more sparingly. Prices, however, have been kept up to the range noted a week ago. Quotations there are as follows:

Fancy creamery, 29c to 30c; fair to choice do., 24c to 28c; choice dairy, 22c to 23c; fair to good do., 16c to 20c; common grades, 13c to 15c; packing stock, 8c to 9c. At New York the market is easier, owing to increased receipts, and with the exception of fancy stock the situation is more favorable to buyers. Western creamery of the finest description finds a ready market, but merely good stock of all descriptions is hardly so firm as a week ago. State stock is quoted there as follows:
---

Creamery, fancy, pale, etc.	30	31
Creamery, choice	28	29
Creamery, prime	26	27
Creamery, ordinary	24	25
Half-fat, fair to good	18	19
Half-fat, fair to good	16	17
Half-fat, fair to good	14	15
Half-fat, fair to good	12	13
Half-fat, fair to good	10	11
Half-fat, fair to good	8	9
Half-fat, fair to good	6	7
Half-fat, fair to good	4	5
Half-fat, fair to good	2	3

Quotations on western stock in that market are as follows:

Western imitation creamery, choice	33	34
Western do, good to prime	18	19
Western do, ordinary to prime	15	16
Western do, fair to good	12	13
Western dairy, good	14	15
Western dairy, ordinary	12	13
Western factory, fair to good	10	11
Western factory, fair to good	8	9
Western factory, fair to good	6	7
Western factory, fair to good	4	5
Western factory, fair to good	2	3

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending Sept. 27 were 1,465,827 lbs., against 1,021,882 lbs. the previous week, and 764,404 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1883 were 1,159,534 lbs. Cheese is in fair supply in this market, and ranges from 11c to 12c per lb. for fine full cream stock, and 10c to 11c for second quality. The offerings are sufficient to meet the demands of the trade, and the market rules steady. At Chicago the stock offering is more or less faint owing to the effects of the warm, muggy weather, and such goods are weak, but where quality is all right values are even higher than a week ago. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cream cheddars, per lb., 11c to 12c; full flats, September make, 12c to 12c; choice skim med, 8c to 9c; common to fair skims, 5c to 7c; low grades, 1c to 3c; Young America, full cream, 12c to 13c. The New York market keeps up well, and good stock seems stronger than a week ago. Receipts are only fair, and as exporters are taking large amounts the outlook appears favorable for holders. Quotations there are as follows:

State factory, full cream fancy selected	11 1/2	12 1/2
State factory, full cream fancy exp't	11 1/2	12 1/2
State factory, full cream, fair cream	10 1/2	11 1/2
State factory, full cream, good to choice	9 1/2	10 1/2
State factory, skims, good to choice	8 1/2	9 1/2
State factory, skims, ordinary	7 1/2	8 1/2
Ohio flats, prime to choice	10 1/2	11 1/2
Ohio flats, fair to good	9 1/2	10 1/2
Skims, Pennsylvania, prime	2 1/2	3
Skims, Pennsylvania, fair to good	1 1/2	2

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 56s. per cwt., an advance of 3s. from the figures reported one week ago. The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 72,911 boxes

against 80,149 boxes the previous week, and 71,587 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the week ending Sept. 27 foot up 5,518,406 lbs., against 4,027,744 lbs. the previous week, and 3,801,408 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 3,826,432 lbs.

**WOOL.**

With everything apparently in its favor, the wool market seems to drag along very slowly. It shows how deeply grounded is the lack of confidence in the future in business circles when woolen manufacturers, with light stocks and the knowledge that they must secure supplies in the near future, are hanging off till the last moment, and pursuing a hand-to-mouth policy when all classes of desirable wools are as low as they are to-day. It shows the blighting effect of politics upon business, and the risks that Americans must run who embark in any line of business that may be affected by legislation. It is a weak point in our system of government when questions of the deepest concern to the industrial and producing interests of the country are left to be settled by partisan politicians rather than by a congress of practical and impartial citizens, and in the interests of a party rather than those of the entire country. There is no doubt but that manufacturers and capitalists will not take any chances in the future of business until the country has settled by its vote as to what the policy of the government for the next four years will be. The eastern wool markets are unusually quiet, and with a fine stock of all descriptions of wool to select from, buyers do not seem to care about purchasing. The sales in Boston the past week were 1,894,994 lbs. of domestic and 283,500 lbs. of foreign, against 2,492,712 lbs. of domestic and 77,000 lbs. of foreign the previous week, and 2,585,300 lbs. of domestic and 148,000 lbs. of foreign the same week last year. The receipts for the week were 5,844 bales domestic and 2,721 bales foreign against 6,873 bales domestic and 392 bales foreign last week, and 10,460 bales domestic and 1,145 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1883.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin says of the market:

"The market is very quiet, and it is a matter of some doubt whether prices held up as well as they have. There is, as usual at this season, a very full stock of wool in the market with a wide range of selection. Manufacturers can buy any grade of wool they wish and at a very low price. The actual sales have been very light and probably will remain so until there is some radical change in the wool business, wools at present being very slow of sale. There has been more or less inquiry this week and there is an unusual number of sample bags sent out. The dullness has extended to all lines and is no longer monopolized by the lower grades. The auction sale of wools and blankets in New York this week brought very low prices, ranging from 15 to 40 per cent. below agents' rates."

Washed fleeces sell with tolerable steadiness. Ohio men are eagerly awaiting the election and should it be favorable to their views there is some slight possibility of a rise. Michigan fleeces show no sign of weakening and though some sales of X are reported at 29 and 30c they were of defective lots or small lots to close account. Combing and delaine wools remain much the same. Manufacturers are ready to buy but cannot seem to meet dealers' views."

The sales of washed fleeces in that market the past week comprised 40,000 lbs. Ohio XX and above at 38c to 40c; 35,000 lbs. Penn. XXX at 40c; 50,000 lbs. Ohio and Penn. XX at 35c to 36c; 40,800 lbs. Ohio XX at 34c to 35c; 10,000 lbs. Penn. XX at 35c; 5,000 lbs. Ohio X and XX at 35c; 50,000 lbs. Ohio and Penn. XX at 35c to 36c; 500 lbs. No. 1 Ohio at 34c; 50,000 lbs. X at 33c to 34c; 32,000 lbs. of X and above at 35c; 58,000 lbs. Michigan X at 30c to 31c; 4,000 lbs. Michigan X at 29c to 30c; 5,000 lbs. No. 1 Michigan at 33c; 4,000 lbs. low washed at 28c. The sales of combing and delaine fleeces comprised 25,000 lbs. No. 1 combing at 36c to 37c; 1,000 lbs. No. 3 combing at 28c; 5,000 lbs. unwashed combing at 25c; 10,000 lbs. Indiana, one-quarter blood at 23c; 8,000 lbs. Kentucky and Indiana unwashed at 19c to 20c; 93,936 lbs. fine delaine at 38c to 39c; 2,900 lbs. heavy delaine at 29c. The sales of foreign delaine comprised 194,000 lbs. Australian at 33c to 34c, and 14,500 lbs. New Zealand at 33c.

The New York market is quoted quiet and dull, and the movement of the stock is very light. Medium fleece is selling there at 34c, XX Ohio at 35c to 36c, good fine territory at 17c to 23c, spring California at 18c to 24c, and fine spring Texas at 18c to 23c. The U. S. Economist thus moralizes over the outlook:

"Choice selections of domestic fleeces are held firmly, but the mills using this sort of stock are well supplied at present and may be said to be out of the market for large lots. There is at least a disposition on the part of buyers not to cumber themselves until the result of the Presidential election is ascertained and the financial future becomes more clearly defined."

"It is hard to account intelligently for the present pall which hangs over the trade in wool, but it is caused by over production and a desire to realize on the part of producers at a low scale of prices, which admit of no adequate profits sufficient to let our looms in full motion soon again, but while there is some truth in this reasoning, it is very evident that the economic causes which govern here are entirely overlooked."

In a recent circular the Coates Bros., of Philadelphia, say of the situation:

"Markets continue only moderately active. Manufacturers buy as they need supplies. Many woolen factories are either closed, or running but part of their machinery, or on short time. The low prices, and slow sale for goods, and the continuance of the woolen industries, have caused manufacturers to decline to make goods unless on orders, as they have had a costly experience in manufacturing for a future market. Although the crops are generally good and there are other indications of prosperous times, yet low prices seem to discourage operators instead of showing them their opportunity. This want of confidence affects all branches of business. Wool is not in large supply and competing foreign wool cannot be imported. Worsteds yarns have advanced in England, and most grades of manufactured cheaper here. There is consequently an improved demand for staple wools, which has already taken most of the supply offered. Stocks of clothing and carpet wools are very moderate and few are sold. Medium stock is the dull, but at present asking prices holders are not pressing sales."

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 56s. per cwt., an advance of 3s. from the figures reported one week ago. The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 72,911 boxes

**THE FUTURE OF WHEAT.**

Messrs. Gillet & Hall, grain commission merchants of this city, send us a circular which they have just issued giving their ideas of the wheat market for the coming year. The figures given are conservative and well considered, and the deductions coincide with what we have said heretofore as to the future prospects of the market:

"We find difficulty in making a satisfactory detailed estimate this year, owing to the conflicting reports so far received from foreign sources. We can therefore only say, at present, that the best English and French estimates compute their probable demands on us at from 150,000,000 bushels to 180,000,000 bushels during the crop year of 1884 to 1885, as against an export of about 107,000,000 bushels during the past year."

"The exports since July seem to justify these figures, but from our standpoint it seems doubtful whether the present export movement will continue as large through the latter half of the crop year. The estimate of our wheat crop at 500,000,000 bushels, as made by the Agricultural Bureau, is now generally regarded as approximately correct. Adding 35,000,000 bushels as a fair estimate for the visible and invisible supply in this country on July 1st, 1884, we have a total of 535,000,000 bushels of wheat available for all purposes. We place requirements for seed at 55,000,000 bushels, and for home consumption (all other uses) 270,000,000 bushels—a total of 325,000,000 bushels, which, deducted from the total supply of 535,000,000 bushels, leaves 210,000,000 bushels for export and reserve supply to go into next crop."

"That the amount consumed in various ways at home, this year, will largely increase, is positively certain. Advances from many



## Poetry

## PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wasn't any use o' fretting,  
An' I told Obadiah so,  
For if we couldn't hold on to things,  
We'd just got to let 'em go.  
There were lots of folks that'd suffer  
Along with the rest of us,  
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while  
To make such a dretful fuss.

To be sure the barn was most empty,  
An' 'orn an' pertaters scarce,  
An' not much of anything plenty and cheap,  
But water—an' apple sass,  
But then—as I told Obadiah—  
It wa'n't any use to groan,  
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he  
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! if you'd only heard him,  
At any hour of the night,  
A-prayin' out in that closet there,  
I wou'd have set you crazy quick.  
I patched the knees of those trousers  
With cloth that was noways thin,  
But it seemed as if the pieces wore out  
As fast as I'd set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little  
Of the thorny way we trod,  
But at least a dozen times a day  
He talked it over with God.  
Down on his knees in that closet  
The most of his time was passed.  
For Obadiah knew how to pray,  
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrary  
That of things don't go just right,  
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high  
An' gettin' ready to fight.  
An' the giants I slew that winter  
I ain't goin' to talk about;  
An' I don't even complain to God,  
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle  
I drew the wolf from the door,  
For I knew that we needn't starve to death  
Or be lazy because we were poor.  
An' Obadiah he wondered,  
And kept me patching his knees,  
An' thought it strange how the meal held out  
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers:  
"God knows where His gift descends;  
An' 'twa'n't always that faith gets down  
As fur as the finger ends."  
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon  
My Obadiah a shirk,  
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,  
And others the gift to work.

—Harper's Weekly.

## THE FALLOW FIELD.

The days were bright, and the year was young,  
As the warm sun climbed the sky;  
And a thousand flowers their cankers swung  
And the larks were singing high.

For an angel swept on silent wing  
To the garden where the dead earth lay;  
And the Easter dawned as the angel's Spring  
Rolled the rugged stone away.

Then the fields grew green with springing corn,  
And some with flowers were bright;  
And each day came with an earlier dawn  
And a fuller, sweeter light.

So the year grew older noon by noon,  
Till the reaper came one day;  
And in the light of a harvest moon  
They bore the sheaves away.

But one field lay from the rest apart,  
All silent, lone and dead;  
And the rude shrike died its quivering heart  
Till all its life had fled.

And never a blade, and never a flower  
On its silent ridge stirred;  
The sunlit called, and the passing shower—  
It answered never a word.

It seemed as if some curse of ill  
Were brooding in the air,  
Yet the fallow field did the Master's will  
Though never a blade it bare;

For it turned its furrowed face to heaven,  
Catching the light and rain;  
It was keeping its Sabbath—one in seven—  
That it might grow rich again.

And the fallow field had its harvest moon,  
Reaping a golden spoil;  
And it learned in its ever-brightening noon  
That rest for God was toil.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE HUNDRETH MAN.

"Now, see here, my friend," said John Proctor, his honest eyes looking gravely into the tramp's face, as he balanced a dime on the tip of his finger, "I'm not going to read you a homily on the subject of labor, but I want to present for your consideration a little matter of statistics. You know, as well as I, that the territory is swarming with men of your class. No less than six, begging for money, have stopped me on the street to day; while down there at the yard"—indicating with his hand a row of tall lumber piles surrounding a small building in the distance—"we haven't had three applications for work in a month."

"Try me."

"Do you imagine you would work if you had the chance? I have had a little experience with fellows of your sort. You have such remarkable appetites." He addressed him generally, as the representative of a race. "You work half an hour, then come around with the plea that you can't work on an empty stomach, draw an advance of half a dollar on your wages, and that is the last we ever see of you."

The man retorted so sharply, that one could almost have fancied the poor remnant of spirit still abiding in him, stirred him to something resembling wrath.

"That's always the way," he muttered. "Say we won't work; then won't give us a show. I know we're a pretty low-down lot, but some of us start out square enough. If a man once gets down, there is no getting up again."

There was something almost pathetic in his very sullenness, as he shuffled away, his rag flapping in the strong breeze, and ill-matched shoes clattering an accompaniment to his gait.

"Come back here, will you?" John Proctor's voice was stern and decisive. The tramp halted, hesitated, looked away, then shuffled back again.

"Come down to the yard this afternoon, and I'll give you a job. But take this half-dollar and get filled up first."

He had exchanged the dime for a larger coin, and held it in his outstretched hand.

The man did not immediately extend his hand to take it. In the moment or two that elapsed, the young lumberman thought he detected a trace of something allied to resentful pride in his bearing.

But the illusion vanished as a grimy hand closed greedily upon the silver, and the fellow disappeared without even troubling himself to make any formal expression of his gratitude.

John Proctor looked after him with a quizzical smile. Five minutes later he knew his own name would be the toast of a drunken crowd of loafers in the saloon around the corner. To be sure it would help to advance a certain Quixotic reputation which had attached itself to him since his first advent in this little New Mexican town. But he steadily adhered to his creed: Granted that ninety-nine out of a hundred of this population were thieves and mendicants, he was wont to say he preferred to be victimized by the ninety and nine, rather than miss that hundredth man.

Arrived at the park, a strip of land running through the heart of the place, the title to which was in dispute between the railroad company, a handful of determined squatters and the government, John brought down the wire fence this noon with one vigorous kick. Kicking down this wire fence was one of the legitimate pastimes of the inhabitants, who could not afford to make a detour of a mile or more to reach their places of business, nor yet hazard garments by scaling it. These encroachments on the part of the citizens had once been resisted with warlike demonstrations; but now, as Proctor stepped through the gap, a patient-looking, round-shouldered little man advanced, trundling a wheel barrow, laden with a huge coil of barbed wire, and, politely greeting the trespasser, set about repairing the fence. Parsons was in the employ of the road, and scrupulously obeyed his instructions, but a gleam of humor in his eye told that he sympathized with the transgressors.

As John Proctor took his way down through the park in the direction of his office he seemed to throw off the unpleasant reflections which had been annoying him, with one shrug of his powerful shoulders. The young man's eyes fell cheerily upon the somewhat incongruous array of buildings that constituted the town. He gloried in the homely little edifices, squatting over the ground in various directions. Had not every foot of lumber been supplied from his own lumber yard? And did not this avalanche of trade mean—Annie? Nothing could be mean, or poor, which brought these weary years of waiting to an end. He was a practical man, little given to enthusiasm of any sort, but for her sake he looked with glowing vision upon the turreted mountain tops in the distance, with their purple shadows and golden lights. How she would rejoice over them, that quiet little denizen of western prairies, who had lived among the monotonous levels of Central Illinois all her life!

The thought lent cheerful energy to his voice, as he entered the yard and gave some directions to Maxon, his hard-worked book keeper and general factotum. Proctor was deeply engrossed in making out an order for several car loads of finishing lumber, when a shadow darkened the door, and the tramp stood before him. He could not repress an exclamation of surprise. The vagabond observed it, and his face lowered as he asserted himself defiantly.

"Yes, I've come," he said. "What are you going to give me to do?"

John Proctor put on his hat, and went with him into the yard, where an empty car was waiting to be filled on an order from a neighboring town. He showed the man a small slip of paper tacked on the end, and was about to explain where he would find the material designated, when the fellow threw off his coat and deftly attached a pile of scantling, which happened to be the first item that was on the list.

"Hulloa!" said Proctor, gazing at him in surprise. "You seem to know something about this business."

"A little," returned the man, shortly. The young lumberman took his way back to the office. A little later the ruddy visage of Maxon looked in at the door, as he returned from dinner.

"Oh, by the way, Maxon, I have a new man at work out in the yard. You might keep an eye on him."

"Now, Mr. Proctor," exclaimed Maxon, in hopeless protest. "Is it another of them fellows?"

"Well, you see, he declared he was willing to work, and it seems only fair to give a man a chance."

The broad-shouldered young proprietor was avowedly on the defensive.

"So far as I am concerned, of course it's nothing to me," observed Maxon, dejectedly. "But it puts me out to have you make a laughing stock all over town. It's a shame—well, it's no use talking. Yes, you may depend upon me to keep an eye on him, sir! Those fellows will bear watching! I say, though, Mr. Proctor, haven't you got mighty close up to that hundred?"

Half an hour later Maxon looked in again, his face lit up with a mischievous smile.

"Don't you want to take a look at your new hand, now, Mr. Proctor? He's just like the rest of them; sitting on a lumber pile, all doubled up with a pain in—"

A flying Spanish conversation-book checked further intelligence, and Maxon dodged around the corner to escape other missiles. At six o'clock, when the hands came up to receive pay for their day's labor, John Proctor saw his protégé standing off a little distance. The man made no demand for wages, and his employer took no notice of him. As the man filed out, the express agent of the Plumbago City train, a personal friend of Proctor's, came running into the office with a package in his hand.

"Here, Proctor, run them over quickly, and sign this receipt. It's the \$3,000 from Jaurez & Signor. I haven't a moment to spare!"

The lumberman hastily counted the notes, signed the name to the receipt in a bold, dashing hand, and the agent hurried off.

Left alone, Proctor drew from his pocket a long, Russia leather pocket-book, and laid the notes carefully inside. As he thrust this into his breast pocket, he chanced to glance toward the window,

and encountered the hungry eyes of the tramp, following his movements from without. As the man saw that he was detected, he paused, seemed about to speak, then changed his mind, and snatched away, carelessly. A vague anxiety assailed John Proctor. It was long after banking hours; there was no help for it; he must be custodian of his treasure until morning.

He sat up late that night. The payment of this sum was all that was necessary to make the trip a definite and tangible matter. There was a pile of correspondence to be turned off, and a letter to be dispatched to that little woman in Illinois, telling her to discharge her music-pupils and make ready for his coming. When he had finished his letters, he sat quietly for a while in his big arm-chair. It was very late when he rose, and, locking doors and windows, proceeded to the little inner room, where he slept. He drew off his coat, and, folding it carefully, placed it beneath his pillow. Then he examined the barrels of an English bull-dog pistol, which hung upon a hook beside his bed. Reassured by this precaution, he sank into a heavy sleep.

Several hours before, a man had crawled upon a low pile of planks, flanked by two others of towering height. As he stretched himself at full length, with a bundle of shakes for a pillow, he philosophically reflected that such a bed was not to be despised. He was not ill qualified to judge, for his experience had been wide and diversified, and he had learned to weigh the most delicate points of variance with the fine discrimination of a connoisseur.

He had once traveled half way across the continent without once knowing the shelter of a civilized roof. He had tented beneath the fragrant shades of orange groves, in Southern California, and in waving fields of golden grain, some terrible July nights on the Colorado desert, where the mercury marks 120 degrees at midnight, parching for water, and choking with the hot dust of the arid waste, waking at daylight to find the delusive mirage mocking him in the distance. He had sunk down exhausted on the barren plains of Arizona, and roused to find himself stabbed in a thousand places by the cactus-needles; cast upon him by the malicious breeze; ever lured on by a sweet face of a child who had smiled farewell through a mist of tears.

The quiet of the place, the gently stirring air, odorless with the fragrance of the pine woods, and the sleepy twinkle of the stars overhead, and the weariness of muscles unaccustomed to labor, soon lulled him into slumber.

A little later, two glowing sparks of fire seemed to glide down the railroad track, steal around the office and disappear within the long drying-shed at its rear. During their progress these sparks of fire occasionally described magnificent curves in the air, in the accentuation of certain rhythmic utterances in the corrupted Spanish of the Mexican tongue. The lowest Mexican peon, who all his life goes half-clothed, half-fed, and unsheltered, handles his cigar or cigarette, with the fine pomposity and careless grace of the proudest Hidalgo.

John Proctor awoke that night to find himself assailed by a foe mightier than his feeble imagination had pictured. He tried to rise but found himself unable to move, oppressed by a terrible sense of suffocation from dense volumes of smoke which filled the air, through which vast sheets of flame darted their forked tongues toward him. Suddenly the wall of flame and smoke was parted, and the face of the tramp bent over him. He was roughly shaken, pulled off the bed, half dragged, half carried through the little private office and into the larger room beyond, where the fire had begun its work of devastation. Then voice and memory came back, and he shouted: "My notes! In my coat pocket—under the pillow—let me go!"

For answer he was violently propelled forward into the arms of some men, eagerly crowding through the flaming door-way. He struggled to free himself from their vise-like grasp. He fought with them, cursed them, and finally broke down and crept like a child. Maxon's fierce tones recalled him to himself.

"Why, man, do you think we would let you go into that fiery furnace again? See! There goes the roof now."

With a gently waving motion, the roof seemed to slowly vibrate to and fro, then sank down with a sudden crash, and a flying column of sparks celebrated its downfall.

With half-dazed senses John Proctor stared about him, and his gaze wandered to the sky above, where an angry, crimson glow had blotted out the stars and rested on the distant mountain chains, weirdly reflecting from their seamed fronts and craggy peaks the glare of the unrighteous flames. Would she admire them now?

Surely it was a spectacle to enchant the eye of unprejudiced spectators, whose whole possessions were not being sacrificed to the effect. He turned to the scene before him. There was still something to be done. The cream of the stock had been destroyed, but unless some piles of lumber to the right of the building were speedily removed, the fire would communicate with the whole outside stock, stretched for several hundred yards along the railroad track. He turned to the crowd of men who stood there, in active, gazing upon the scene:

"Come on and help us save the lumber!"

A couple of dozen of men came promptly forward. The lumberman saw, to his surprise, that the volunteers were almost exclusively composed of the so-called professional men of the town. The local officials of the railroad, a well-dressed set of fellows, commonly viewed with contemptuous eyes by the hard-working portion of the population, presented themselves to a man. The tall form of Judge Cheeseman, a stiff and somewhat aristocratic legal luminary, loomed up in their midst. A quiet-looking little real-estate agent leaped upon a pile of shingles and began to fling the bunches down to a German chemist below. The two rival editors (for the least of New Mexico

villages usually boasts its miniature newspaper), who had exchanged shots on Gold Avenue the previous day, glared cordially at each other along the lengths of timbers they undertook to transport to a place of safety. The laboring population offered scarcely a representative, save in the person of a few contractors and mechanics, who had learned to know and like the pleasant young lumberman.

The men worked like heroes. Their energy never waned until a faint light in the east began to rival the red glare which the flames, through the medium of the high, rare atmosphere, cast over the desert-plains for miles around, and every piece of lumber was removed to a safe distance.

Worn and wearied, John Proctor sat down to rest upon the wheel of his own copying press. A gradual change had taken place in the ranks of the loungers. Many of the spectators of the night had gone home to refresh themselves with a nap, and the remainder were re-inforced by a straggling corps of men who had slept through all the turmoil and excitement. One of these, a stout fellow with a big diamond blazing in his shirt bosom and a mimic beer-bottle suspended from his massive watch chain, was recounting his experience, as all people revel in detailing their individual impressions on the occasion of a fire.

"You see I was sleeping like a log when Lizzie caught hold of my shoulder and she says: 'Bob, Bob, wake up, I tell you. The sky is all afire, and there must be an eclipse! I reached up to see if my pocket-book was safe!'"

The words brought back to John Proctor a sense of the loss he had sustained. At that moment Maxon rolled up, flushed with exertion. He had just administered a sound kicking to a couple of young Mexicans, whom he had detected making off with a keg of building hardware.

"Maxon," he said, abruptly, "did that fellow who got me out last night come out safely himself?"

"Now I think of it," returned Maxon, "he went back a minute; but he got out all right—just as the roof fell in. I thought at the moment a piece of falling timber hit him, but he scrambled off fast enough."

A dread suspicion assailed John Proctor's honest heart, but he repelled it sturdily. Yet all day long, as he wandered dreamily about, answering a thousand idle questions, or fishing from the ruins various mementos of the wreck, there would constantly intrude upon him the memory of two greedy, devouring eyes, peering through a window, a strange retreat into a burning building, and disappearance into the shadows. When night came, it was necessary for some one to stay and guard the ruins, for if the wind should rise, some smouldering piles of lumber might be fanned into a blaze, and the remainder of the stock swept away. Maxon, wearied and hollow-eyed, offered his services.

"Not a bit of it, Maxon. Go home to your wife and babies. I have engaged a man."

Proctor did not add that the watchman he had engaged was no other than himself, but when the rest had gone home, he remained there alone. Separated as it was from the rest of the town, by night it was a dreary solitude. A fiery spark, miles away over the level plain, developed into the headlight of the locomotive of the evening train, which thundered past on its way to the depot below. The moon came up and threw into weird relief the blackened ruins.

John Proctor, who had been slowly pacing to and fro, sat down upon a bunch of shingles and buried his face in his hands. He knew, what not even Maxon had guessed, that this disaster had wrought his irreparable ruin. It would require every cent of his insurance money to settle his outstanding liabilities, for he had done business on the rushing western plan, and had carried a stock out of all proportion to his capital. If he could only have saved that \$3,000, or if he had not been so ambitious. Annie had been ready—poor little girl. She had even proposed bringing her piano to this raw southern town, and eking out their income with the result of their own labors.

On one point he was resolved. Whenever he got square with the world again, he would put his pride in his pocket, and humbly presenting himself before the little woman, ask her to share his fortunes, for better or worse. O, God! how long would it be? A sharp groan escaped his lips.

Suddenly he arose and stood erect. His quick ear had caught the sound of some heavy body slowly moving over the ground.

"Who is there?"

"Only me. Is that you, boss?"

John Proctor bent forward and perceived a man slowly crawling along in the shadow of a pile of joists. As the figure emerged into the moonlight, he saw that the fellow dragged one leg helplessly after him. His suspicions melted away beneath his natural warmth of heart.

"Are you hurt?"

"Only a falling timber, boss, but the fire got into my eyes, and I can't see very well."

He had drawn himself to Proctor's feet and stopped, turning a little upon his side, his head propped up with his hand.

"You see, when I came through the door something fell against me, and no seeing you, and not being able to get about very well, there were so many of them cursed Mexican thieves about, I was afraid they might make off with this"—holding out a flat leather-book which John Proctor seized with a glad exclamation. The man went on talking in an absent way.

"I wouldn't have liked to have you think ill of me. You're the first man who gave me a chance since I got down. I wasn't always a loafer, sir. You spoke of my knowing something about the business, and to be sure I ought, if fifteen years as a 'sorter' in the Wisconsin lumber regions can teach a man anything of lumber. But when my wife died I struck off out west. It's been hard luck ever since—and my little girl—back there with her grandparents."

His voice seemed to fail from weakness.

"What have you eaten to day?" asked the other, sharply.

The man answered reluctantly and almost in a tone of apology.

"You see, sir—down there among the lumber piles—how could I?"

John Proctor was a man given more to action than speech. He addressed the man now in clear decided tones.

"Do you think you could hold on to my back while I carried you down to the hotel?"

"Why sir! It wouldn't be fit."

"Shut up! Put your arms around my neck."

The office and bar-room of the hotel, a pretentious edifice of Eastlake architecture, held its usual quota of respectable loafers, when John Proctor entered with the uncouth figure on his back. A gurgling laugh ran through the crowd. The majority fancied the young lumberman's brain had been turned by his recent losses and that his dementia had taken the form of a violent development of the weakness with which he had hitherto been accented. The laughter suddenly ceased when the young man went straight to the clerk, saying, in clear, ringing tones:

"Give me the best room you have. This man, who saved my life last night, is badly hurt. Some of you," turning to the idlers, "go at once for the surgeon of the Atchison road."

A dozen men sprang forward to relieve him of his burden, to help him carry the poor fellow to a comfortable room, where he was gently laid upon the bed. The sufferer received these attentions in silence. His dim eyes stared incredulously about the room, and into the kindly faces bending over him. That anything like this should happen to him. How long would it last? Would they let him have one good night's rest before turning him out again? When once more on the desolate plain, wandering through sagebrush, mesquite and soap-weed, it would seem like some strange dream. But what was this? The stalwart young lumberman speaking to the doctor:

"And mind, McLean, do your best. I owe him more than I can tell you. Put him in good trim to take the foremanship of my yard when I get stocked up."

This silly old vagrant buried his face in the pillow and wept.

How Henry M. Stanley Became the Chief of Living Explorers.

It is when relating some anecdote or adventure from his plentiful storehouse that Mr. Stanley's face lights up, and he permits himself to be even enthusiastic. As one might expect from a man who has lived so many years among native tribes, he has a remarkable facility in the use of gesture, which makes him an admirable raconteur. Languages come easily to him. Heaven only knows how many he speaks! It is very pleasant to hear Mr. Stanley talk of his early days, when he had his hands full of journalistic work. He was early inured to hardships and bloodshed in the civil war and in many a skirmish with the Indians. There was a fierce competition among the correspondents attached to the different armies, and the best man rose to the top. A record of each man's correspondence was carefully kept, and he was judged accordingly.

So Mr. Stanley's promptitude and alertness to seize every chance constantly stood him in good stead until one day, while acting as correspondent in Madrid, he received a telegram summoning him to Paris. Packing up a few necessities in a portmanteau, he took the first train, arrived in Paris at midnight, drove to the Grand Hotel, went up to Mr. Gordon Bennett's bedroom and aroused that famous newspaper proprietor from his first sleep. "Here I am. What is it you wish of me?" and it was then that the Livingston expedition was decided upon in a brief conversation. "Some people say that Livingston is dead, some say he is alive. What do you say to going to look for him?"

"Am I quite sure that I understand you? Do you mean me to go to the heart of Africa, and organize an expedition, and have you reckoned the cost?" "Certainly." "Then I accept the commission." "When will you start?" "Tomorrow morning; there is nothing to keep me in Paris." Then as Mr. Stanley rose to say good-bye, Mr. Gordon Bennett remembered a dozen other little things which might be done first, such as the opening of the Suez Canal, a visit to Moscow and Constantinople, a trip to Persia, an inspection of some excavations at Jerusalem, and so on. So Mr. Stanley departed with this appalling series of commissions to fulfill. "There is a beautiful saying in the Old Testament which I have always kept before me, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' From the time when I was a reporter on the New York press to the present day, I have done what I have set myself to do with a will."

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## PETER MACKEY AND HIS THREE LOVES.

Though I am an old maid, I take much interest in other people's love affairs. My friends know and humor this little weakness, and consequently in the course of 20 years or so I have collected a large number of love stories. They are of all kinds—sad, joyfully touching, absurd, sentimental, or eccentric. But perhaps the oddest of them all is the one I am about to relate.

The reason which decided me to spend a twelvemonth in a certain little Aberdeenshire village, unknown to human ken, need not be entered into here. I had a cottage to myself, and one maid servant, by name Mary Duthie. And what a pretty creature she was, with her golden hair and big gray eyes, and tall supple figure! It was a real pleasure to see her at her work, in her spotless lilac gown and tucked up sleeves, and to watch the fascinating, unconscious grace with which she did the simplest thing.

I am afraid I spoiled that girl. She was engaged to Jem Leslie, a farmer's son, who nearly worried the life out of her by his jealousy—for which I suspect he had sometimes cause. The two quarreled nearly every Sabbath, but always made it up again in the course of a week; so that I was by no means surprised when Mary informed me one day that she had broken off with Jem Leslie forever; but very much astonished indeed to hear a few weeks later that she had promised herself to Peter Mackey.

"Well," I said to her, "I do not wish to intermeddle with love affairs, but I must say I think Jem the better man of the two."

But Mary tossed her pretty head, and remarked with reference to her rejected lover, that she was weary of the creature's havers, and had just about him that he needed 'fash himself' about her any more, for she could 'en take care o' her nain sel.' Peter Mackey, she told me, was about to start for Aberdeen, a well-to-do uncle having found a good situation for him there.

I knew something of Mr. Peter, as he was my landlord's only son. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a 'gweed aneuch head,' as his father used to say, but an all too susceptible heart. A pretty face captivated him directly, though his attachments were generally more violent than lasting. I had made up my mind that he would marry Jeanie Sanderson, a handsome enough lassie, a good housekeeper, and an heiress in a small way; but Jeanie had left five or six months ago for London, to visit an infirm aunt, and now Peter was engaged to Mary Duthie. I was vexed about the whole affair, especially as I sympathized with poor Jem Leslie. Yet certainly it was no concern of mine.

I do not think that Mary ever received any love letters from Aberdeen. It was not the fashion in those days for lovers to correspond. But she always wore round her neck half of the sixpence which Peter had broken with her, so I began to be quite in despair for my favorite Jem.

But after three months or so from Peter Mackey's departure for Aberdeen, some little incidents occurred which showed up that young man in his true light.

The first of these events was the return of Jeanie Sanderson from London, and a visit paid by her to her old acquaintance, Mary Duthie. The two girls had not been together more than a quarter of an hour, when sounds of violent weeping proceeded from the kitchen. Hastening in to see what was the matter, I found Jeanie and Mary mingling their tears over some letters which lay on the table. Jeanie greeted me respectfully, and on my inquiring the cause of their grief, handed me a letter, saying:

"Will ye be pleased to read that, mem?"

It was an effusion of Peter Mackey's dated nine months back. It began, "My dearest Jeanie," spoke of the writer's unalterable affection, reminded Jeanie of her promise to become his wife as soon as he should be able to provide a suitable home for her, and was signed, "Your own Patie."

I must confess that my first feeling on reading this was one of satisfaction at my own discernment. "So you were engaged after all," I remarked; "but why was nothing said about it, and why was it broken off?"

"Oh," said Jeanie looking at me indignantly, "Patie just asked me to be his wife the vera day before I sailed, so there wasna much time to lat it be known. And as for 'tis being broken off, it's Patie ye must speir at about that, for I never heard o' it till this day. Eh! but men are deceivers! But that's no the worst o' mem! Mary, give the lady Mrs. Birket's letter."

Mrs. Birket, it appeared, was Peter's landlady in Aberdeen, and had written that morning to Mary Duthie's mother, whom she had known when they were girls together, to ask some particulars of Peter's family and antecedents, as her niece and adopted daughter, Mary Hine, was soon to be married to him.

"Heard ye ever the like o' that?" exclaimed Jeanie; "the man must be clean daft!"

I quite agreed with her, for I had never known a man before who was engaged to three women at once. Doubtless, Peter considered his first two affairs as mere flirtations; still his former sweethearts had in their possession a letter and a pledge which would be evidence against him in a court of law. But any proceeding of this kind was so foreign to the natures and prejudices of the injured girls, that I did no more than hint it.

The following morning, Mary asked my permission to go for a day or two to Aberdeen with Jeanie Sanderson, as they had thought of a plan for bringing their recalcitrant lover to his senses.

"Gin we dinna mak Peter think shame to himself," my name's no' Jeanie Sanderson, were the parting words of that damsel.

Meanwhile Peter was happy in the society of his (latest) betrothed, who was a very charming girl; and it may be a little to my hero's excuse to remark that few men could have seen her bonny face and listened to her sweet voice evening

after evening without falling in love with her. The susceptible Peter certainly could not, but throwing all old memories to the wind, proposed and was accepted.

Such being the state of affairs, Peter's feelings may be imagined when, on entering Mrs. Birket's parlor one evening, after his day's work was over, he saw seated by Mary Hine—Mary Duthie and Jeanie Sanderson.

Peter's first impulse was to withdraw hastily. But Mrs. Birket made light impossible by closing the door, and standing between it and the conscience-stricken youth. "Just tak' a seat, Mr. Mackey," said she, and the culprit sank into an empty chair, placed at a little distance from the other three ladies. The situation was awkward in the extreme. The ladies continued their knitting without glancing at him; minute after minute passed, and the silence became intolerable. Peter could hear the beating of his heart; twice he opened his lips to speak, but no sound issued from them; an icy tremor ran through his frame, and he checked his utterance.

I give what follows verbatim, as reported to me by Mary Duthie:

"Weel," said Jeanie Sanderson at last, "sanna we be satlin' our bizzness ceenoe?"

"Aye, lassies," said Mary Hine, "but that'll be a haird matter, or I'm much mistaken." "Ye see," said Jeanie, taking the initiative, "this Peter Mackey be longs in a manner till's a'." It's nae nae!"

## AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

No doubt she flirted—all girls do; but then, you know, she didn't mean it; to me in all things she was true—A blind man even could have seen it. And after some few months we parted; a tear drop glistened on her cheek, and I for days was broken-hearted.

A score of years have passed away since then; I lately heard about her. Her hair has grown a trifle gray, her figure grown a great deal stouter. And I since then have married twice; my heart no longer reaches toward her, for she has been a widow thrice, and lately is gone to taking boarders!

## Humors of the Battle-Field.

Many humorous incidents occurred on the battle-field. A Confederate colonel near the front of his regiment at Malvern Hill, and discovering that the men were not following him as closely as he wished, he uttered a fierce oath, and exclaimed: "Come on! Do you want to live forever?"

The appeal was irresistible, and many a poor fellow who had laughed at the colonel's queer exhortation laid down his life soon after.

A shell struck the wheel of a Federal field-piece toward the close of the engagement at Fair Oaks, and, shivering the spokes, dismantled the cannon.

"Well, isn't it lucky that didn't happen before we used up all our ammunition," remarked one of the artillerymen as he crawled from beneath the gun.

When General Pope was falling back before Lee's advance in the Virginia Valley, his own soldiers thought his bullets and orders somewhat strained in their rhetoric. At one of the numerous running engagements that marked that disastrous campaign, a private in one of the western regiments was mortally wounded by a shell. Seeing the man's condition, a chaplain knelt beside him, and opening his Bible at random read out Samson's slaughter of the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. He had not quite finished when, as the story runs, the poor fellow interrupted the reading by saying: "Hold on, chaplain. Don't deceive a dying man. Isn't the name of John Pope signed to that?"

A column of troops was pushing forward over the long and winding road in Thoroughfare Gap to head off Lee after his retreat across the Potomac at the close of the Gettysburg campaign. Suddenly the signal officers who accompanied the general in command discovered that some of his men, posted on a high hill in the rear, were reporting the presence of a considerable body of Confederate troops on top of the bluffs to the right. A halt was at once sounded, and the leading brigade ordered forward to uncover the enemy's position. The regiments were seen scrambling up the steep incline, officers and men gallantly racing to see who could reach the crest first. A young lieutenant and some half dozen men gained the advance, but at the end of what they deemed a perilous climb, they were thrown into convulsions of laughter at discovering that what the signal men took for Confederate troops was only a tolerably large flock of sheep. The leaders in this forlorn hope rolled on the grass in a paroxysm of merriment, they laughed all the louder at seeing the pale, but determined faces of their comrades, who, of course, came up fully expecting a desperate hand-to-hand struggle.

It is perhaps needless to say the brigade napped on mutton that evening.

As the army was crossing South Mountain the day before the battle of Antietam, General McClellan rode along the side of the moving column. Overtaking a favorite Zouave regiment, he exclaimed with his natural bonhomie:

"Well, and how is the Old Fifth this evening?"

"First-rate, General," replied one of the Zouaves. "But we'd be better off if we weren't living so much on supposition."

"Supposition?" said the General, in a puzzled tone. "What do you mean by that?"

"It's easily explained, sir. You see we expected to get our rations yesterday, but as we didn't, we're living on the supposition that we did."

"Ah, I understand; you shall have your rations, Zou-Zou, to night," replied the general, putting spurs to his horse to escape the cheers of his regiment. And he kept his promise.—The Century.

## Ten Years of Devotion.

For many long years, says the New York Times, two German families lived together in peace and harmony on the banks of the Rhine. The yellow sunlight laid the same tinge upon the grapes in the vineyards of each, which lay side by side, with an open gate swinging between them. The elder members of each family went out into the world early, and the youngest son of one and the youngest daughter of the other remained at home. They were Edward Camradt and Henrietta Lillienfeldt, and they grew up together. Nothing interrupted the course of love until the time when each expected it to culminate in marriage. Then there was a sudden rupture in the families, and the young man and woman were separated. The father of each declared, with sturdy German oaths, that there could be no union between them. Moreover, a really stout Henrietta, who had declared an intention of leaving a part of her fortune to her niece, threatened to leave her without a shilling should she marry young Camradt. This strengthened the opposition of Henrietta's parents, and the young people were almost in despair. Unable to endure living so near his sweetheart without seeing her, Camradt left his home, just ten years ago, and started for America, where he expected a happy realization of the wonderful stories he had heard about the great new country.

Henrietta grew pale, sadder and thinner as the days went by, and one morning a month or two afterward, she was missing. On a table in her room lay a note stating that she had gone to find her lover. As the years went by a rumor went over the sea back to the Fatherland that she was happily married. She had found him, they were married, but they were not married.

The world had not gone well with Camradt. His wild dreams had vanished, and he was in the depths of discouragement when his soul was rejoiced by the sudden coming of his sweetheart, who found him in a plainly furnished room at No. 18 Avenue B, in this city, with little of the comforts of life and hardly any of its necessities. He was too poor to marry, and accordingly she found a home in No. 20, close by, and the two struggled along together, year after year. They never married because of their poverty and because Henrietta still remembered her aunt's threat, and she hoped that happiness would one day be brought to each by the provisions of the old lady's will.

Yesterday a neat-looking German with a pleasant, kindly face and a light blonde mustache peered through the bars of the gate which swings out to admit visitors and prisoners to the Tombs. By his side was a smiling-faced little German woman, dressed in some dark cloth material, with a bunch of violets nodding from her hat. The faces of both were fairly beaming with some hidden joy which possessed them as the little man asked in broken English where he could find the justice.

Warden Finn led the eager couple up the stairs, and in a few moments they had made their way with little ceremony to the private room where Justice Ford was sitting.

The little man took off his hat and bowed solemnly. "If you please, sir," said he, "we would like to get married." At this the little woman smiled modestly and began to look very earnestly at the justice.

"On Sunday?" asked his honor.

"Yes," replied the man; "we must marry right away."

"But I never marry anybody."

"Ah!" broke in the woman in a soft voice; "but we must marry. We have waited so long already and we have another reason why we should marry right away."

"What is it? Why are you in such a hurry?" asked Justice Ford.

"Well," returned the little woman quietly, "I have just heard from Chermayn. One of my relatives is dead, and she has left me twenty thousand dollars, and I must marry before I can get it."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" exclaimed the justice in astonishment. "Why, what do you mean?"

"It is dis very judge," said the man. "You see der will gifts it to her as having my name, as my wife, and she must be my wife before she gets it."

Then the mystery was explained. They were Edward Camradt and Henrietta Lillienfeldt. The rumor of their marriage which had gone back to the Fatherland was believed, and the wealthy old aunt, just before her death, which took place a short time ago, had forgiven them, and had bequeathed \$20,000 to her niece as Mrs. Henrietta Camradt. The little woman told the above story, and how for the last ten years they had struggled along together in New York. He had obtained employment as a marble-cutter, and she had sewed and worked at whatever she could find to do; and together they had fought poverty until the good news came of the fortune which had been bequeathed her. Then she had gone to Lawyer Wulff, in Twenty-second street, who told her she must marry before she could claim it.

"And now I am so happy," she concluded. "That I do not know what I have wanted to do for so many long years, so that I may get \$20,000 along with all de happiness that I have ever wanted."

Justice Ford gave the delighted pair the address of Alderman Pink, by whom they were made one.

How "My Uncle" was Fooled.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle says:

I asked a pawnbroker in the West End, who does what I may call a first class business, whether he had many attempts to defraud me upon him. "Yes, sir," said he, "every week in every month and every day in every week, and sometimes ten times a day; but up here in the West End we have the highest class of operators in this kind of rogues to deal with. I assure you an article on which I may sell for \$100 only a week ago will, when it comes to be sold, never fetch more than \$20." Opening an iron safe he took out a blue velvet case about the size of my hand. He opened it and I saw a splendid aigrette of diamonds in the form of a bird with outstretched wings. "Is not that beautiful?" said he. I agreed with him—it was a mass of flashing light. "There are 120 stones in that bird," said the pawnbroker, "all of which you would naturally suppose to be diamonds. As a matter of fact, only ninety stones are genuine, the others are white sapphires. I will tell you how I came to take it in. A few days ago the bell of the private office round the corner rang, and I myself opened the door. 'Oh, you please,' said a modest looking young woman, whom I instantly judged to be a lady's maid, 'can you step out and speak to her ladyship a moment. She is in her carriage half a dozen doors up the street. She didn't like to pull up outside the shop.' As an event like this is not unusual in our business, I at once put on my hat and accompanied the young woman. I saw a handsome carriage, with a coronet on the panels, a liveried coachman and footman on the box, and a charming face framed momentarily in the open window of the new carriage. I raised my hat and asked the lady what I could do for her. 'Oh, dear me,' said she, 'I never felt so nervous in my life.' This is really dreadful. If you please, my good man, I want \$100 directly, and my maid tells me that you will lend them to me; and you can take care of my aigrette, but you will never, never let anybody see it, will you? And when I get my allowance next month, why I will send my maid, with the horrid money for it. I stopped opposite this jeweler's, she continued, handing me at the same time the case and its contents, 'because then people will think that I am giving him something to mend. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I do hope that nobody will see me who knows me, and she shrank back into the carriage. 'Stay, my maid will tell you who I am and all that; but, oh, do be quick, I am in such a fright.' I was fairly taken down. I returned to the shop with

the precious maid, just glanced at the article for a moment, never doubting but all the stones were right; asked the maid her mistress' name; she handed me the card of a wealthy young nobleman residing in Eaton Square, and I at once wrote out a receipt for the article and handed it to the girl in an envelope, with twenty crisp five pound notes. A quarter of an hour afterwards an uneasy feeling took possession of me that perhaps everything was not quite right. With the aid of a powerful glass I carefully examined the stones with the result I have told you. If this good lady only had told me that that morning she had taken several more aigrettes comfortably tucked under the cushions of her brougham, and I daresay there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in several establishments beside mine before nightfall. This sort of thing is done every day, I can tell you. Everybody in this world, pawnbrokers included, is too prone to be deceived by appearances."

## Took the Hint.

Gov. Hamilton Fish was noted for his deportment, and he took great pride in sending to the courts of Europe in a diplomatic capacity gentlemen whose dress and manners would not excite comment. He was much concerned, however, when it became his duty to commission Horace Maynard of Tennessee, as minister to Turkey, and Godlove S. Orth of Indiana, as minister to Austria. Neither one was remarkable for his observance of the social proprieties, and it was some time before Gov. Fish could devise a plan for giving them a lesson in dress. At last, so the story goes, an idea struck him, and sending for Orth, he said something like this to the Indiana statesman:

"Mr. Orth, I have a favor to ask you."

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Secretary, I'll be glad to."

"Thank you, Mr. Orth, thank you, sir, you are very good. Mr. Maynard, you know, is an excellent gentleman, but he is not accustomed to the ways of society as you or I are," and the Secretary smiled pleasantly at the guileless Orth, who had on a sky blue necktie and unlacquered boots. After having clinched his point he continued; "I am afraid he will invent some startling innovation on the costume usual among gentlemen when they are out in society. He may startle the foreign courts with a red necktie and a sack coat, and now what I want to ask you, Mr. Orth, is to give him a hint, as you are both going over on the same steamer about what you or I should wear on social occasions—the dress coat, black trousers, and waistcoat and the simple white tie. You will know precisely how to do it, and you will oblige me greatly by attending to a matter of so much importance, as you, as a member of polite society, know."

The hint was taken, and Mr. Orth was noted among the diplomats at Vienna for his faultless attire. Mr. Maynard, with his long black hair and Indian features, was not so apt a scholar.

## Western Girls.

A young girl, pretty and modest, with a rifle on her shoulder, is not a strange sight in these parts, writes a correspondent from California to the New York Sun.

Many young women in the far west are very proficient in the use of firearms, and no one thinks it strange to see them thus equipped on the highway, or in the mountains, hunting.

In nothing is the western freedom from conventionalism more striking than in the latitude given young women in their amusements. The typical far western girl would doubtless shock her more subdued sisters of the east, in many things which here are considered within the bounds of propriety.

She hunts, fishes, camps out, rides, and tramps, with all the relish shown by the sterner sex, and in not a few of these accomplishments is she the equal of any of the men.

Visitors from the east, unfamiliar with pastimes of this kind, have often been seriously embarrassed on finding that their charming companions of the parlor or the lawn, could load and shoot a gun as well as a rifleman, mount and ride like a trooper, or climb mountains with untiring limbs.

A few weeks ago, a plump young woman in this town, who rides, hunts, fishes, and climbs, had her photograph taken in her fresh air costume, and sent one of them to relatives in Illinois. The portrait excited a girl of eighteen years, with a jaunty turban, her long hair done up tightly in a coil, her face full and fair, and her eyes as bright as dollars. Her dress was tight fitting at the waist and sleeves, of dark, serviceable material, and the skirt; coming just below the knees, failed to meet the tops of her high-buttoned boots, by several inches.

It was as pretty a picture of health, vivacity, and beauty, as one would care to see; but the relatives in the east were profoundly shocked, and, in acknowledging the receipt of the portrait, quietly hinted that they would like to know what the occasion was which demanded the young lady to appear in that strange costume. Probably they will be more horrified than ever when they learn that she is seen on the streets almost daily in just such attire, and that nothing whatever is thought of it.

## A Knotty Question.

A Washington gossip says: I heard a very good anecdote a day or two ago from Chauncey Depew, about Rutter, now president of the New York Central Railroad. Commodore Vanderbilt picked Rutter up on the Erie Railroad. He was paid \$15,000 to go over to the Central and to take charge of their transportation business. Rutter was a slim young fellow, with a ruddy face and a prematurely gray mustache, and he never got over being surprised with himself at his remarkable growth in the railroad business. There came up a decidedly knotty problem one day not long after he took hold of the Central's business. Rutter did not know what to do, and so he walked into the commodore's office and stated the case to the old gentleman. Said the commodore: "Jim, what does the railroad pay you?"

"Fifteen thousand a year, sir."

"What for?"

"For taking charge of the transportation business."

"Well, then, if we pay you for that, why do you come to me? Do you want me to earn your salary for you?"

Rutter took the hint. He went right out, made a decision in the knotty problem, realizing that if he wasn't competent for the duties the company would make short work with him, and if he was competent it required difficult problems like that in question to show his competency. From that time until he became president of the great corporation he never asked anybody's advice about his action. He did what he did shouldering the responsibility, and expected to stand or fall by it. So it happens that this man, who a few years ago was handling baggage at an obscure station on the Erie road, is now president of one of the greatest corporations in the world.

## VARIETIES.

"Oh, just look at those beautiful melons; they fairly make my mouth water!" she exclaimed.

"They are beauties," he replied. "Wouldn't it be nice to take one home with us and put it on ice for a while, and then have it for supper?"

"Wouldn't it?"

"But," and he paused reflectively, "you know, though I don't believe it, they say melons are malarious. Don't you think maybe we'd better stop on our way home and have a nice dish of ice cream with sponge cake?"

"Well, you know best, dear. Maybe it would be better," she placidly replied.

After they walked a few blocks in quiet contemplation of anticipated pleasure she stops suddenly and says:

"But, Alfred, I do believe we are two ninnes; why, there is no ice cream saloon on the road home."

"Ain't there?" he says, in feigned surprise, and adds: "Well, it's really too bad, but it can't be helped now, pet; and there is a mild light of the unjust man made perfectly happy in his eye as he says it."

As the train pulled out of Kansas City recently, bound West, a fine-looking old gentleman who occupied a seat in the smoking-car, was accosted by a rank-looking specimen of western humanity.

"Goin' far West, stranger?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the old gentleman politely. "I am going to Denver."

"Business or pleasure?"

"Chiefly for my health."

"Ah, yes, I see. From the East, ain't yer?"

"Yes, I am President of the Twenty-fifth National Bank of New York."

"You don't say so!" said the westerner. Then he added in a whisper:

"Give us yer hand, old pard; I'm right glad to meet you. I'm a Missouri robber."

An erroneous phonologist once told me I would shine as a revivalist, and said that I ought to marry a tall blonde, with a nervous, sanguine temperament. Then he said: "One dollar, please;" and I said: "All right, gentle scientist with a tawny mane, I will give you the dollar, and marry the tall blonde with a bank account and bilious temperament when you give me a chart showing me how to dispose of a brown-eyed brunette with a thoughtful cast of countenance, who married me in an unguarded moment two years ago."

He looked at me in a reproachful kind of a way, struck me with a chair in an absent-minded manner, and stole away.—Bill Nye.

A candidate for appointment to a civil service clerkship was asked: "How exact is the sun to the earth?" "I can't exactly say," he replied, "but I am sure it isn't near enough to interfere with my duties if I get the appointment I want." He got it.

Faith is the right bower of Hope. If it wasn't for faith there would be no living in this world. We couldn't even eat hash with any safety if it wasn't for faith. Faith is one of our warriors who don't know when she is whipped.—Josh Billings.

A correspondent asks: "What time of the year do the days begin to shorten?" When you have a note in bank, a note in bank is the great annihilator of time. The day are crowded together in thin layers, and the nights are like a smear from a blacking brush.

"Why is your teacher so severe to you? She seems a pleasant sort of lady," observed a Lexington Avenue mother to her complaining little daughter just from school. "I don't know, mamma," was the reply, "but she doesn't seem to remember so far back as when she was a child."

It was at the baptismal font, and the minister had the baby in his arms. "What is the name?" he asked of the mother? "Josephine Newton," said the mother, hurriedly, perched the mother in great alarm. "Not Josephine E. Newton. Josephine Newton. It's not that kind of a baby."

Neuralgia has very properly been called the twin sister of Rheumatism. Both are equally painful, alike stubborn, and results of the same cause. ARTHROPHOROS treats both yield to the same treatment. Says Mr. J. E. Reed, of Los Angeles, Cal.: "I cannot tell you how glad I am that I found this great remedy ARTHROPHOROS. I had a violent pain in my face and took the remedy according to directions. Before I finished the first bottle the pain was gone and has never returned."

say the heir, "uncle only had one eye! Got the faithful domestic that time, didn't I!"

A TRAVELLER put up at the Phoenix Hotel in Bloomington the other night, and blew out the gas on retiring. The room was filled with the odor of hydrogen gas directly, and the astonished pebbles opened his door and lustily called for a waiter, who came.

"What have you done?" asked the hotel functionary, smiling suspiciously.

"Nothing. But by crinny, I believe there's a skunk under the bed!"

"I want a package of damnation insect powders," said a granger to his grocer man. "How much do I want to put on?"

"What are you going to use it for?"

"My hens are all covered with blasted little dynamites, and I want to kill them."

It was some time before the grocer could understand that he meant parasites.

## Chaff.

The House of Correction—A printing office. The vice which never sticks to young people—Advice.

Civil Service—The kind you don't get at the average restaurant.

The mildest mannered men in the world show their teeth to the dentist.

"Board Wanted"—As the young lady said when she came to a mud puddle in the sidewalk.

We think very few people sensible, except those who are of our opinion.—Rockefoucauld.

Talk about a man turning a woman's head! It is passing another woman with a new bonnet that does it.

While it is better to be born lucky than rich, it is better to marry a poor girl with a sweet temper than a rich girl with a red headed one.

The appalling intelligence comes that the codfish crop is short. The effect upon New England civilization will be disastrous in the extreme.

Of Whistlers.—It is said that the whistling man is one who thinks little, but he makes others think and ah! what fearful thoughts they think!

During the earthquake on the 19th a little four year old "kid" at our house petulantly exclaimed: "Here, who's shaking me?"—Indiana Farmer.

A musician in giving notice of an intended concert thus expressed it: "During the evening a number of songs may be expected, too tedious to mention."

"Circumstances alter cases; but I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances," said Lord Brougham, when he was a struggling lawyer.

Gentleman to horse dealer—"You fooled me in this horse." "What, if I never?" "Yes; you said that he had no defects, and I find that he is blind of an eye." "Why, that's not a defect; that's a misfortune."

"There ought to be a large pond on soda water, it's nothing but gas," remarked Simpkins in a Broadway drug store. "Humph; I guess you don't pay any gas bills from the way you talk," retorted the druggist.

A medical man once told Voltaire that he had made one of his characters live too long after receiving a certain wound. "True," replied the wit, "but you should recollect that he was not attended by a physician."

A young man blackened his mustache with a lead comb and then took his girl out for a moonlight stroll. When the fair one appeared in the bright light of the family circle a couple of hours later, her face looked like a railroad map.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the bank cashier never commits suicide until he has wrecked the bank. What the country wants is a species of cashier who will experiment with rival banks before he thinks of monkeying with the safe.

A small boy in Maine listened demurely to the story of Samson's tying the firebrands to the tails of the foxes and then sending them through the Philistines' corn, and at the conclusion of the narrative asked innocently: "Auntie, did it pop?"

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LONGER WITH RHEUMATISM OR NEURALGIA.

Mr. M. C. Warn, Assistant Cashier Merchants National Bank, Toledo, O., says: "My little girl was cured of Rheumatism after having suffered about three months by the use of ARTHROPHOROS. I recommend it to all suffering with this disease."

No medicine has ever been discovered that so quickly and surely cures these diseases as

ARTHROPHOROS.

W. K. Smith, Kankakee, Ill., says: "My wife has suffered with acute Rheumatism and Neuralgia for fifteen years. ARTHROPHOROS is the first medicine that ever gave her any relief, but temporary relief. She has only taken two bottles, and feels it is a God send."

I. T. Smith, 164 Washington Street, Chicago, says: "I have suffered with Rheumatism for five years. After using six bottles of ARTHROPHOROS, am entirely free from all pain."

If you cannot get ARTHROPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy from your druggist, but if he doesn't, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed.

ARTHROPHOROS CO. 112 WALL ST. NEW YORK

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

The "Michigan Farmer" One Year and a Machine For Only \$18.00!



We have made arrangements to have manufactured for us a large number of one of the best Sewing Machines ever in use, which we shall sell at about one-third usual prices. Each machine will be nicely finished with a Box Cover, a Drop Leaf Table, and Four Drawers, and will contain a full set of the latest improved attachments. This illustration is an exact representation of the Machine we send out.

The cut below represents the "Head" or machine part of the Sewing Machine. All parts are made to gauge exactly, and are constructed of the very finest and best material. It is strong, light, simple and durable. Does to perfection all kinds of sewing and ornamental work that can be done on any machine.

Each machine is thoroughly well made and fitted with the utmost nicety and exactness, and no machine is permitted by the inspectors to go out of the shop until it has been fully tested and proven to do perfect work, and run light and as little noisy as possible. This machine has a very important improvement in moving the work from the machine.

THE LOOSE BALANCE WHEEL is actuated by a solid bolt passing through a collar securely pinned to the shaft outside of the balance wheel, which bolt is firmly held to position by a strong spiral spring. When a bobbin is to be wound, the bolt is pulled out far enough to release the balance wheel and turned slightly to the right or left, where it is held by a stop-pin, until the bobbin is filled. Where the machine is liable to be meddled with by children, the bolt can be left out of the wheel when not in use, so that it can not be operated by the treadle.

The Thread Eyelet and the Needle Clamp are made SELF-THREADING, which is a great convenience to the operator.

THE BALANCE WHEEL is handsomely finished and nickel plated. THE IMPROVED TENSION and THREAD LIBERATOR combined add greatly to the value of this machine.

ALL THE STANDS HAVE The New Driving Wheel.

This Driving Wheel is the invention of John D. Lawrence, secured by patent, dated Feb. 7, 1882, and is claimed to be the best device yet invented, being the simplest, easiest running, and most convenient of the many that have been tried. It can be easily adjusted and all wear taken up by turning the cone-pointed screw. It is the only device operating on a center that does not interfere with other patents. Dealers who wish to sell these machines will appreciate this fact.

The Stands have rollers in legs and the Band Wheels are hung upon self-adjusting adjustable journals. Each stand is run up by steam power after it is set up until it runs very light and smooth.

We have selected this style and finish of machine as being the most desirable for family use, and we furnish the Machine complete as shown in above cut, and include the following attachments, &c. One Johnson's Foot Ruffler, one Set Hemmers, one Tucker, one Foot Hemmer or Friller, one package Needles, six Bobbins, Screw Driver, Can of Oil, Extra Check Spring, extra Thread Plate, Gauge Screw, Wrench, Instructions.

Each Machine is Guaranteed as represented and to give satisfaction, or it may be returned and money refunded. Address all orders to

